

AMERICAN REGISTER.

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1807.



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THE  
LITERARY MAGAZINE,  
AND  
AMERICAN REGISTER.

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VOL. VIII.

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FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

THE MELANGE.

NO. IX.

*Thomas Coriat, the famous Traveller.*

THOMAS CORIAT was born at Odcombe, near Ewel, in Somersetshire, and bred at Oxford, where he attained to a considerable proficiency in the Greek and Latin tongues. Having a great desire to travel, he visited several parts of Europe, and, at his return, after six months' absence, printed, in the year 1611, an account of what he had seen, under the title of "*Coriat's Crudities*." This book, which had a prodigious sale, was, according to the fashion of the times, ushered into the world with no less than sixty encomiums in verse, penned by the most celebrated wits of the times. These poems were written in an ironical style; but Coriat was proud of them, and understood them in a literal sense. Indeed, he appears to have been a man of excellent parts and learning, but of weak judgment, and therefore has been said to be the anvil on which the courtiers in the reign of James I tried their wits; but it is added, "this anvil sometimes returned their hammers

as hard knocks as it received, his bluntness repaying their abusiveness." Prince Henry, king James' son, allowed him a pension, and retained him in his service; and Coriat was constantly introduced with the dessert at all court entertainments. Amongst others that writ mock commendatory verses upon "*Coriat's Crudities*" was John Taylor, who, being a waterman, was called the *Water Poet*. These verses gave great offence to Mr. Coriat, who complained of them to king James. They were those which follow:

What matters for the place I came  
from,  
I am no dunce-combe, coxcomb, Od-  
comb Tom;  
Nor am I like a woolpack cramm'd  
with Greek,  
*Venus* in *Venice* minded to go seek;  
And at my back return to write a vo-  
lume  
In memory of wit's *Gargantua* column;  
The choicest wits would never so  
adore me,



Nor like so many lacquies run before  
me :

But, honest Tom, I envy not thy state,  
There's nothing in thee worthy of  
my hate ;

Yet I confess thou hast an excellent  
wit,

But that an idle brain doth harbour  
it ;

Fool thou it at court, I on the Thames,  
So farewell Odcomb Tom, God bless  
king James !

—  
*Taylor, the Water Poet.*

It is well known that James I was ambitious of being considered as the Solomon of the age he lived in. John Taylor, a waterman upon the Thames and a poet, and therefore always stiled the *Water Poet*, laid hold on this to flatter the monarch on the following occasion : Having offended Coriat by his writings, that celebrated traveller presented a petition to king James, praying that Taylor might be punished for his insolence. Taylor followed the complaint with a counter-petition, conceived in the following sonnet :

Most mighty monarch of this famous  
isle,

Upon the knees of my submissive  
mind,

I beg thou wilt be graciously inclin'd  
To read these lines my rustic pen  
compile :

Know, royal Sir, Tom Coriat works  
the wile

Your high displeasure on my head to  
bring ;

And well I wot the sot his words can  
file,

In hope my fortunes headlong down  
to fling.

The king whose wisdom through the  
world did ring

Did hear the case of two offending  
harlots ;

So I beseech thee, great Great Bri-  
tain's king,

To do the like for two contending  
varlets ;

A brace of knaves your majes-  
ty implores

To hear their suits, as Solomon  
heard whores.

*Tea-urns.*

Tea-urns pass for a modern and a British invention : their application only is new. There is among the finds at Pompeii, preserved in the museum of Portici, an urn containing a hollow metallic cylinder, for the insertion of red hot iron, in which water was thus kept boiling. The whole apparatus in form and structure closely resembles our own utensils. Hero, in his *Pneumatica*, describes this machine by the name *anthepisa*. Cicero mentions it in his oration for Roscius Amerinus as of Corinthian origin. The Chinese have it not ; for in Kien Long's Ode to Tea he describes a kettle on the fire.

—  
*Tobacco.*

The Marrow of Compliments (Lond. 1654) contains the following song in praise of tobacco :

Much meet doth gluttony procure

To feed men fat like swine ;

But he's a frugal man indeed

That with a leaf can dine.

He needs no napkin for his hands,

His fingers' ends to wipe,

That hath his kitchen in a box,

His roast-meat in a pipe.

—  
*The Dunmow Bacon.*

This whimsical institution, it should seem, was not peculiar to Dunmow. There was the same in Bretagne :—" A l'abbaye Saint Melaine, près Rennes, y a plus de six cens ans sont, un costé de lard encore tout frais et ordonné aux premiers, qui par an et jour ensemble mariez ont vescu san debat, grondement, et sans s'en repentir." *Contes d'Entrée*, t. ii. p. 161. .

—  
*Dr. Bentley.*

During the celebrated controversy betwixt Mr. Boyle and Dr. Bentley, on the subject of the Epistles of



Phalaris, some Cambridge wags made the following pun: They exhibited, in a print, Phalaris's guards thrusting Dr. Bentley into the tyrant's brazen bull, and this label issuing from the doctor's mouth, "I had much rather be roasted than *boyl'd*!"

In St. Saviour's church, Southwark, London, among innumerable others, is the following epitaph on a monument for Richard Humble, his wife, and two children.

Like to the damask rose you see,  
Or like the blossom on the tree,  
Or like the dainty flower of May,  
Or like the morning of the day;  
Or like the sun, or like the shade,  
Or like the gourd which Jonas had:

Even so is man, whose thread is spun,

Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.  
The rose withers; the blossom blasteth;

The flower fades; the morning hasteth;

The sun sets; the shadow flies;  
The gourd consumes; and man he dies.

#### *Theodore, King of Corsica.*

When Theodore, the unfortunate king of Corsica, was so reduced as to lodge in a garret in London, a number of gentlemen made a collection for his relief. The chairman of the committee informed him by letter, that on the following day, at twelve o'clock, two gentlemen would wait upon him with the money. To give his *attic* apartment an appearance of royalty, the poor monarch placed an arm-chair on his half-testered bed, and, seating himself under the scanty canopy, gave what he thought might serve as the representation of a throne. When his two visitors entered the room, he graciously held out his right hand, that they might have the honour of kissing it. *Ireland's Hogarth*, vol. 1. p. 12.

#### *Wax-chandlers.*

In days of old, when gratitude to saints called so frequently for lights, the wax-chandlers of London were a flourishing company: they were incorporated in 1484, and the following more frugal than elegant repast was given on the occasion:

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Two loins of mutton,			
and two loins of veal	0	1	4
A loin of beef	0	0	4
A leg of mutton	0	0	2½
A pig	0	0	4
A capon	0	0	6
A coney	0	0	2
One dozen of pigeons	0	0	7
A hundred eggs	0	0	8½
A goose	0	0	6
A gallon of red wine	0	0	8
A kilderkin of ale	0	0	8
	0	6	0

See *Pennant*, p. 437.

#### *To a young lady, on her birth-day.*

Now, Mary, thou art sweet eighteen,  
In Nature's bloom of form and mien;  
Taste and good humour to delight  
thy friends;

A mistress of the dance and song,  
Neat repartee upon the tongue,  
And music, Mary, at thy finger ends.

Now beaux their love-*tales* will begin;

The tall, the short, the thick, and thin,  
The fool, the man of sense, the gay,  
the sombre:

And would old Time, the thief, alack,  
Give me but half a century back,  
I certainly should be among the  
number.

O may thy future minutes fly  
Without a tear, without a sigh,  
Rich with the world's enjoyments,  
full of spirits;

Forgiving then my thief, old Time,  
I'd praise the rascal in my rhyme,  
For doing so much justice to thy  
merits.

A poor Scotsman having been  
worsted in a law-suit he had

brought before the court of session against his rich landlord, as he was coming out of the parliament house observed the city of Edinburgh's arms then inscribed over the gate, *Nisi Dominus frustra* (without the Lord it is in vain), shook his head, and said, "very true; *Unless you be a laird it is in vain to come here.*"

—  
*Don Quixote.*

It seems a problem in literature, that a nation the gravest and most seriously disposed by its natural temper, and the gloomy despotism of its government and religion, should have produced the most lively work that ever was written. It abounds in original humour and exquisite satire. It displays the most copious invention, the most whimsical incidents, and the keenest remarks on the follies of its contemporaries. There is no book in whatever language that so eminently possesses the power of exciting laughter. The following anecdote may be recorded as an instance of it:

Philip III, being one day at a balcony of the palace at Madrid, observed a young student on the borders of the Manzanares, with a book in his hand, who, as he read, exhibited the most violent marks of ecstasy and admiration, by his gestures and the repeated peals of laughter which he sent forth. Struck with the oddity of the sight, the king turned to one of his courtiers, and said, "Either that young man is out of his mind, or he is reading *Don Quixote.*" The courtier descended for the purpose of satisfying the curiosity of the monarch, and discovered that it actually was a volume of Cervantes, which the youth was perusing with such delight.

—  
*Anecdote of Voltaire.*

A curious circumstance is mentioned in a French paper, respecting

the second representation of Voltaire's celebrated tragedy of *Zara*. On its first representation, the play was received with the loudest applause; but the author conceived that some alteration in several passages would greatly increase the effect of the piece. Voltaire accordingly did introduce some alterations, and presented the play in the improved state to the several performers. Dufresne, who personated the principal character, refused to attend to the alterations, and no entreaties could prevail on him to give them the smallest notice. It was necessary to have recourse to a stratagem to gain Voltaire's object. He was apprised that Dufresne was very fond of a good dinner, and he determined to address him on this score. Voltaire got a pie prepared, filled with partridges, and sent it to Dufresne's house by a person who was carefully to conceal from him from whom the present came. The present was graciously received, and immediately made part of an entertainment which Dufresne happened that day to be giving to a party of friends. The pie was opened; and to Dufresne's no small surprise, each partridge contained in its mouth a copy of the alterations in *Zara*. He was so well pleased with the conceit, that he restudied the part; and a present of a partridge-pie was the means of giving stability to one of Voltaire's best tragedies.

—  
*For the Literary Magazine.*

ON EDUCATION.

LETTER III.

*To the Editor, &c.*

SIR,

THE child is born without ideas, consequently without any natural genius: his mind, therefore, is not formed for any particular science; the whole field of knowledge is open to him, and to whatever part of it



he turns his attention, he will equally excel. But although he has an equal capacity of excelling in any science, he cannot become an adept in all; universal knowledge is not to be grasped by a human capacity. He must give his whole mind to one or two sciences, these will be connected with several others, in which he will collaterally make a considerable progress. It is rare, indeed, to find a man eminent in two opposite branches of knowledge.

"But if it be true, that children are born with an equal capacity of excelling in every science, how comes it that when they are arrived at years of maturity, and their parents are desirous of fixing them in a particular trade or profession, they find in them an invincible dislike to it, and that their inclination and talent lie quite a different way; and that children who are remarkably clever in some things, are frequently as stupid in others?"

The first object that strikes children forcibly, and excites in them an uncommonly strong sensation, fixes their genius; it instantly leads them to a science, in which they find delight, and the pleasure it affords induces them to bestow upon it labour and attention; it is, therefore, impossible but that they should excel in it. The improvement they make is always in proportion to the keenness of their sensations.

Parents should fix upon a profession for their children as soon as they are born; and, when the first dawning of reason begins to appear, use the necessary means to form their genius accordingly. They almost universally think that they have done their part in sending them to a reputable school, and giving them a good classical education. This is the least part of education. Some casual occurrence fixes children's genius, and the odds are very much against its being fixed according to the parent's wishes, unless, indeed, it should happen that, by never experiencing a strong sensation, they should remain destitute

of genius, and then they are equally fitted for plodding at any thing. But, even if such a sensation should occur, it will hardly infuse into them that spirit of emulation which a wise parent can. It is then generally the fault of the parents if the child's genius does not point exactly as they would have it.

When chance\* fixes the genius of a child, it very often inspires it with as strong an aversion for one science as it does with love for another. In vain is it compelled to study what it hates; compulsion increases the disgust; it receives only unpleasant sensations; and, were it to live to the age of Methuselah, it would not be perfect in its rudiments.

We will now inquire, "by what means can the genius of a child be formed to any particular science, so as to ensure his attaining a considerable eminence in it?"

By placing him in situations the best calculated to excite strong sensations, and at times when they will strike him most forcibly.

Would I, for example, make my child a painter? his toys should almost entirely consist of pictures: and whenever I rewarded him for being good, it should be by a present of one particularly pretty. I would point out to him their various beauties, give him a pencil and some paints, tell him to copy them, and that when he had drawn those he had got, I would give him others; and when he had attempted it, reward and applaud him. I would teach him how to hold his pencil, and sometimes guide his hand. As soon as fit he should have a master. I would frequently take him out and show him the finest prospects, and point out to him distinctly their particular beauties, and, upon the spot, make him endeavour to imitate them. In order to fire him with emulation, I would relate to him the

\* I here use the word chance in the sense that Helvetius does, viz: "An unknown concatenation of causes, calculated to produce certain effects."



high estimation in which great painters have been held, and, as soon as he was able, make him read over and again the lives of the most eminent ones.

Would I make him a poet? all his little histories should be in verse: I would read to him the plainest pieces of poetry, and dwell particularly on the rhyming syllables. I would make him read the lives and works of the most celebrated poets, and enlarge upon their great reputation; and, as soon as he was able, make him write verses, attending only to the measure and rhyme; and, as his reason matured, he should attend to the sense. All these he should read over to me. I would carefully point out to him their errors and defects, and reward him with a new poem.

Would I make him a legislator? his little books should be on morals, and the lives of great statesmen and philosophers. These I would explain to him; as likewise the political occurrences of past and present times. This I would do daily, and his faculties would soon begin to enlarge and comprehend them. I would dwell strongly upon the immense benefits great legislators confer upon mankind. I would often take him to the legislative assemblies, and daily examine him to see what new ideas he had acquired. His rewards should consist in philosophical, moral, and political books.

Would I make him a mechanic? I would give him toys of ingenious construction; these I would pull to pieces and put together again before him, pointing out their particular formation, and the manner in which they acted. I would likewise make him endeavour to put them together, and cut out and construct little trinkets, &c., and always mend his own toys, and, when he succeeded, reward him with a new piece of mechanism. I would take him to different workshops, and point out to him the manner in which the workmen constructed their different articles: I would afterwards

take him to the most curious manufactories, and reward him according to the attention he bestowed upon them. His rewards should consist of new pieces of mechanism and new tools, and I would press much upon him the estimation in which ingenious mechanics are held.

Children and men act equally from a desire of happiness; that is the only end they aim at. In very early age they are not able to comprehend that virtue and wisdom reward themselves; the idea is too large for their infant minds; they therefore look forward to the prettiest toy as the summit of pleasure. At first therefore they must be rewarded with toys (which, as I have before said, should always be conducive to the formation of their genius), but, at the same time, their virtue and merit should be applauded; the desire of applause will thereby insensibly blend itself with the desire of a toy, till by degrees they acquire a strong spirit of emulation. But in infusing into them this spirit, we must be careful not to inspire them with a contempt for other sciences, or lead them to think that the master of any other profession is greater than themselves. The first will render them self-conceited, arrogant, and narrow-minded: it will induce them to entertain too high an opinion of themselves, and to think that they have already attained perfection, and thereby raise an insuperable barrier against further improvement. The latter will disgust them with their own profession, for emulation borders so near upon ambition, that a man strongly filled with it cannot brook a superior; but if he believe himself upon an equality with him, he is satisfied; the higher the other carries his attainments, the more will he redouble his diligence to keep pace with him.

As their reasoning powers enlarge, we should peculiarly dwell upon the excellence of virtue and wisdom, and demonstrate how essentially they are interwoven with their real

happiness. We must not only render them skilful in their particular profession, but endow them with all the requisites of a good man and a good citizen. A moderate degree of literary knowledge is therefore necessary for every person.

"But when the child's genius is strongly fixed another way, how can it be made to acquire it?"

Whatever a child's genius is fixed upon, it takes delight, and is desirous of being occupied in: if then I found that it had imbibed an aversion to literary pursuits, I would select a few books of the most useful information, and before I suffered it to play or study its favourite pursuit, oblige it to read attentively a small quantity. By this means it would soon acquire a sufficiency of this knowledge.

We must be careful not to keep them too long at their studies, especially against their inclination, or their minds by being fatigued will grow heavy, and lose their elasticity. Moderate recreation is therefore absolutely necessary.

Neither should we be too prone to find fault, but, on the contrary, applaud them whenever we can. Harsh treatment always casts a gloom upon their spirits, and tends immediately to the destruction of emulation; when they find they cannot please, they lose the desire of pleasing. Gentleness, on the contrary, is the nurse of emulation; the child will labour for a smile, when it believes its reward is sure.

W. W.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

OMAR AND FATIMA; OR, THE  
APOTHECARY OF ISPAHAN.

(Continued from page 142.)

THE interviews of the learned Nadir with the lovely Zulima were frequent. His morning visit was, by her desire, often protracted till noon; yet she sent for him again early in the evening. With the na-

ture of the medicines which the venerable Tamas, the black eunuch with the white beard, was in the daily habit of bringing from the shop of the apothecary, the sage of Zulpha has left us unacquainted; perhaps, as he had once dabbled in physic himself, he was jealous lest such an acquisition to medical science should extend beyond the limits of the haram of the magnificent Mirza, or, at the utmost, beyond the walls of Ispahan: for it is certain, that, whether they appeared in the shape of pills, draughts, juleps, extracts, emulsions, or what not, they had a wonderful effect on the constitution of the beautiful and interesting patient.

While that impatience of controul which we formerly hinted to be a symptom of the disorder of the lovely Zulima subsided, her former fascinating bloom and clearness of complexion, with all the animating graces that darted from her eyes, and played about her features, and her former affability, also returned.

Mirza was in raptures at the restoration of his darling daughter. His liberality to Nadir, whom he extolled as the Persian Esculapius, was unbounded. He presented him with a house near his palace, furnished in a stile that, while it delighted Ismael, was the wonder of Abud and his former neighbours, some of whom were once heard to remark, that "Noblemen took strange fancies." He also procured him a diploma from the college which was founded by Normahal at Delhi, and still retains his name; for the sage and scientific physicians of Ispahan, for some reason which certainly had neither jealousy nor envy for its basis, refused to admit him into their order. Mirza said that their malignity arose from his having dared to soar beyond the limited rules of their practice, and perform a cure which showed the fallacy of fixing principles upon so unsubstantial a foundation as the fluctuations of the human mind, and the instability of the human constitution.



But men who are either influenced by the ebullitions of joy or grief will say any thing.

Leaving the happy father (who, as has been seen, had not without reason obtained the appellation of the magnificent Mirza,) to receive the congratulations, not only of the court of Ispahan, but of the sophy himself, let us turn our telescope, and catch at least a distant view of the scientific Dr. Nadir, settled as he actually was in an elegantly furnished house, surrounded with slaves, with a carriage at his command, and appointed physician, not only to the noble Mirza, but to many other great families; for though the faculty wish to conceal it, we, who are, *we think*, out of their reach, and therefore care but little for their threats, shall not: he had become the fashion in Ispahan, and of consequence was as sure of becoming the possessor of a brilliant fortune as if he had been the owner of the diamond mine which has been so often mentioned.

Seated on the elevated apex of this mountain of prosperity, Dr. Nadir was still a man of reflection. It was still his habit, as he smoked his morning's or afternoon's pipes, to review his past life, and, as he was also a man of piety, to thank the Omnipotent for the success that had at length attended his indefatigable endeavours.

After Alla and his prophet, the gratitude of Nadir rested upon Ismael. From his arrival he dated the change that had taken place in his circumstances; and all the good fortune that had attended him he deduced from his influence.

"The wise, the amiable Ismael," said he, in the effusion of his gratitude, "is certainly a benevolent genii, who has taken me into his protection."

When an idea of this kind gets into the head of a man of learning, it generally spreads. Nadir had, from reflection, convinced himself, that there was something supernatural in the appearance of that being who had come to him as a poor

and way-worn<sup>\*</sup> faquir, and now exhibited such splendour. "For myself," he exclaimed, "I am at the height of happiness; and while the divine Ismael continues to reside in this mansion, affluence and content will support its elevated dome!"

"Long may affluence and content, though they may perhaps be deemed the high and the low pillars of society, support the dome of the mansion of the benevolent Nadir," said Ismael, who now entered. "While his fortune," he continued, "extends and increases, may that humility of mind which renders him assailable to the complaints of wretchedness, and that liberality of sentiment which induces him to extend his cares to all mankind, ever remain with him!"

"For your good wishes, example, and indeed assistance," replied Nadir, "I am bound, son Ismael! if I may still use that familiar and endearing title, I am bound, I say, to return my sincere acknowledgments. Your generosity, divine and beautiful youth! not only furnished me with the means of being useful to mankind, but set me the example: therefore, if I have any merit, or have had any success, it is entirely owing to your celestial influence."

Ismael is said to have blushed at the sublime stile which the learned doctor had newly adopted, and certainly did betray some marks of uneasiness; when he replied, "There is nothing, my friend! my adviser! my nominal father! either celestial or extraordinary in my composition! I am a mortal, weak, and in many respects unfortunate, and perhaps in none more than in having, from circumstances, determined soon to abandon your protection, and leave this hospitable mansion."

"My fears are realized!" exclaimed Nadir: "let no man hereafter value himself upon his prosperity!"

"Why so?" returned Ismael; "prosperity is by no means connected with me. The child of misfortune! I am borne by the gales of adverse fate from place to place up-



on the face of the earth ! I shall surely find rest at last !”

“ Will you then leave me, oh Ismael ! my tutelar genius ?” cried Nadir, prostrating himself.

“ Rise, oh sage Nadir !” exclaimed Ismael, in the utmost confusion. “ The imperative decrees of fate will, perhaps, hurry me away, but never shall I, in any situation, forget my friend !”

“ What then,” cried Nadir, “ will become of the lovely Zulima ? Her existence depended upon daily, nay almost hourly, hearing of Ismael ! Can I, to soothe her mind, submit to utter the dictates of falsehood ? No ! Alla and his prophet forbid ! Yet if her mind is not attracted to this subject, she will relapse into her former deplorable state of distraction. Oh Zulima ! beautiful, fascinating Zulima ! lily of the vale of Zenderhend ! soon will thy head be bowed again to the earth !

Never was astonishment equal to that of Ismael as this passionate exclamation of Nadir’s, and the emotion with which it was accompanied. “ Zulima ! who is Zulima ?” he hesitatingly asked, doubtful whether, from the observations he had already had occasion to make in the course of this conversation, some distemper was not operating upon the mind of his friend : however, he again ventured to ask, “ Who is Zulima ?”

“ Zulima !” repeated Nadir ; “ she is the daughter of Mirza the magnificent ! There !” he exclaimed, with increased emotion, “ I have again betrayed my lovely patient ! I ought to have concealed her name and her weakness !”

“ You have not betrayed her to me, I do assure you,” returned Ismael ; “ for I never have heard of her before, and am, from your present emotion, inclined to think, that you are alluding to a being of your own mental creation. However, as your disorder seems to increase, for fear you should be led to say what might be either improper or useless for me to hear, I will retire till you are more composed.”

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“ Misfortune,” says Mirwa, the philosopher of Zulpha, whom we have so often quoted, “ seldom comes alone.” Before the sage Dr. Nadir had recovered from the disorder which the late interview occasioned, Tamas the eunuch appeared to request his attendance upon Zulima.

“ How is your young lady this morning ?” asked the doctor.

“ Her brother Omar,” answered Tamas, “ she has just heard, is well ; the army has drawn nearer to Ispahan ; she is therefore in *higher* spirits than usual.”

“ So much the worse,” said Nadir.

“ The worse !” exclaimed Tamas.

“ No !” cried Nadir hastily, “ I mean the better : better or worse, in medicine, are relative terms, and frequently mean the same thing.”

“ I never knew that before,” said the eunuch.

“ So much the worse !” cried the doctor.

“ I confess myself totally ignorant of physic ! I never take any.”

“ So much the better ! You now see,” said Nadir, “ the relation of these phrases to things. In the first of these instances I spoke to you as a doctor, in the second as a *friend* ; in the distinction betwixt these lies all the difference ; this is the grand *arcanum* of the science of medicine.”

“ Wonderful !” cried Tamas. “ Shall I inform my lady that you will come ?”

“ Certainly ! hold ! I will go with you. While in conversation, I seem a little to recover my spirits.”

“ Your spirits !”

“ Yes ! to be sure ! how can a physician convey spirits to his patients, if he has none for himself.”

“ True !” said Tamas. “ How little am I acquainted with physic !”

“ So much the better, I repeat,” said Nadir ; “ people become acquainted with it as they do with a bailiff, through necessity, and, like him, it is apt to *gripe*. However, you must learn something of it from me as we ascend the carriage ; for

you will observe, that this is the *first step* towards visiting a patient with any professional credit."

To announce the intended departure of Ismael to the lovely Zulima was a task that seemed to tax all the ingenuity of Nadir; for although she had never seen that youth since their short accidental interview in the shop of black Absalom the jeweller, he had been the constant theme of her conversation, and the subject of her contemplation.

Every morning it was the task of Nadir to inform her of the health of Ismael, of his pursuits and avocations, and every evening these interrogatories were renewed. The physician, well knowing how much her health was connected with the object of their constant colloquy, took all the pains in his power, while he exhibited the young Golconda in the amiable light in which he appeared to him, to repress every overture of the young lady that had a tendency towards an interview, or that even indicated a wish to see him. But although he had used this caution, he still was aware of the danger with which the departure of this object of her adoration would be attended to his lovely patient in her delicate state of mind. Impressed with this idea, yet still apprised of the necessity which there was for preparing her for this event, he, in the course of conversation, mentioned it as a thing within the scope of possibility. This hint, slight as it was, alarmed her to such a degree, that when he left her for a short period, he was fearful that her disorder would return.

Obliged to take an extensive round, as his patients had so much increased, he did not reach his own house till the afternoon, when, to his great surprise, he found Tangra waiting for him. As he had conjectured, she came to exhibit a melancholy picture of the health of the lovely Zulima. By her account, she seemed to have relapsed into her former extravagance, with this addition, that she raved about Ismael, and, indeed, insisted upon seeing

him before his departure, which she persuaded herself would be sudden.

"Could any danger arise," said the compassionate Tangra, "from a compliance with her request?"

"The greatest to both parties," replied Nadir, with extreme emotion. "Sooner than suffer such an interview, I would end my life in the severest tortures. I will immediately see the fair Zulima: I will endeavour to sooth her sorrows: every indulgence to her unhappy passion, consistent with my duty to Mirza, which honour, nay which she expects from me, shall be allowed. But if she has a lucid interval, of which I have little doubt, I know the rectitude of her mind so well, that I shall instantly convince her that it is impossible I should proceed further in promoting a connection betwixt the daughter of a Persian prince, allied to the sophy, and the son of a jeweller, who, however amiable, does not appear to have a friend or ally in the world."

"Perhaps," continued Nadir, after he had left the apartment, "the departure of Ismael may be necessary to secure the health and repose of Zulima: I shall therefore no longer oppose it."

"Will not my dear master take some refreshment?" cried Tamira, as he descended into the hall.

"Refreshment and repose shall be equally strangers to my body and mind," said Nadir, "till I have endeavoured to relieve the distress of the object of my solicitude."

"What will be done with the patient up stairs?"

"What patient?" asked Nadir, with quickness.

"Why, the lady that has so long waited for you," said Tamira.

"Oh! the nurse! She must wait till my return, if she does not chuse to follow me,"

"A nurse!" muttered Tamira, "and so finely dressed! I hope I shall never have occasion to call her mistress; though she does not seem very old, the doctor himself is not very young. Strange things



do happen in Ispahan ! Gentlemen do take strange fancies ! I am resolved to speak with her."

In consequence of this, to her agreeable, resolution, Tamira entered the apartment.

As to speak, upon any subject, was the delight also of Tangra, the impatience of the learned doctor, and the abrupt manner in which he had departed, without taking her with him, furnished two copious ones, on both of which she descanted with great fluency and success.

"You expected that he would have taken you with him in the carriage?" said Tamira.

"Certainly ! could I expect less, after what has passed?"

"I am ignorant of what has passed," continued Tamira, "but I am convinced that it was his desire to visit a patient whose case, it appears, from his precipitation, is desperate, that induced him to leave the house in such a hurry."

"That unpolite, inconsiderate precipitation," said Tangra, "which possesses Dr. Nadir, is so like the rudeness of his father. I remember, when the old man came to visit the dying Akbar, though I was then at the height of my beauty, he took no more notice of me——"

"Did you know Akbar?" cried Tamira.

"Certainly I did ! he purchased and brought me up."

"Then you cannot forget Tamira, whom he presented to Nadir."

"Oh, Alla !" cried Tangra, "I thought I recollected you ; but years——"

"Years !" said Tamira.

"The events of life, I mean, have altered us both. My course though splendid, has been full of care."

"And mine, though plain and frugal," added Tamira, "far from unhappy."

This dialogue and rencounter led to mutual explanation, which continued a considerable time ; for although Tamira, from the slenderness of her story, was concise, Tangra was diffuse, and with great li-

berality of words detailed all that had happened to her. How, in the wreck of the affairs of Akbar, she came into the family of Mirza ; the death of the mother of the lovely Zulima ; the passion of that young lady for Ismael (at which Tamira expressed more surprise, and almost as much displeasure as her master) ; the present situation of the daughter of Mirza, and her strong desire to have an interview with Ismael, &c.

This discourse had not been long finished, and Tangra departed, when Nadir returned. He seemed more composed ; from which Tamira conjectured that his patient, of whom she had learned the whole history, was better.

If it had puzzled her to endeavour to guess what could induce Tangra to linger so long after the learned doctor had left the house in order to wait upon her mistress, the conversation she had had with her would have developed the mystery ; for it appeared from this, that her desire was to see Ismael, and that she ardently and impatiently waited his return, as long, nay longer, than politeness would have prescribed.

This, however, was not the only matter that attracted the attention of Tamira : the situation of Zulima strongly excited her compassion ; the impending departure of Ismael, to whom she was both confidante and counsellor, her regret. While he was taking some refreshment, she endeavoured to learn from her master the present state of the young lady's health ; but he was impenetrable. She next asked Ismael when he intended to begin his journey ; but he was undetermined. "The child of Chance," he said, "his future operations must be governed by circumstances over which he had no controul." Never was curiosity so foiled as that of poor Tamira. How she passed the night, or how she would have existed through the next day, it is impossible to say, had not Tangra most op-



portunately appeared, soon after the doctor had left the house to make his morning visits.

The conversation of the preceding afternoon was, by these sage matrons, renewed, perhaps improved on, as we gather from the source that has produced our other materials, that Ismael, the elegant and amiable Ismael, was fortunate enough to be at home to partake of it.

In this part of the history, the sage of Zulpha has, with great propriety, through many pages, descanted on the ancient magi, and the modern gours of Persia, those adorers of fire, and has most philosophically defined all kinds of fire, from a glow-worm to the sun, from a spark arising from the collision of flint and steel to a volcano, from an ignis fatuas to the fire of love. But we must observe, and we do it in defiance of all the critics on the whole Indian peninsula, that he has not with sufficient accuracy marked the distinction betwixt physical, metaphysical, and metaphorical flames; for he says, that at the sight of this Adonis of Golconda, the bosom of Tangra, heretofore as cold as snow, glowed with fire equal to that which inflamed the lovely bosom of her mistress. The comparison of the bosom of Tangra, which we know was as brown as mahogany, in any way to snow, is another slip of the pen of the learned sage whom we have quoted; and it has had this bad effect, that it has left the bosom of Zulima without a parallel, as we now have nothing, either celestial or terrestrial, to compare it with, except we bring it to this side the line, and exhibit it against those of our fair compatriots.

The relapse of the lovely convalescent had changed the palace of Mirza, which the prospect of her recovery had enlivened, into the mansion of mourning.

The omrah himself was inconsolable. His dejection spread to the male part of his household; while the female caught the sorrow-

ful infection from Lesbia, Tangra, and the other of her principal attendants. In this distressful situation of affairs, every eye was turned upon Nadir; every bosom beat high with expectation of relief to the fair sufferer from his skill; while he was unfortunate enough to know, that the efforts of his skill, even had they been seconded by those of all the physicians in the east, were not of the smallest importance in the case of his present patient.

On a few threads, fine as the filaments of gossamer, his hope of her cure seemed to depend. He knew the ardent affection she bore to her father and her brother; he knew the generosity of her temper; and had, in her lucid moments, heard her declare, that to shield them, or either of them, from sorrow or despair, she would devote her life. Upon this theme he meant, when he had an opportunity, to assail her; but this opportunity did not occur in the present visit; for although he tried to introduce the subject, she seemed insensible to its import, and her whole soul absorbed in the dread she had of the departure of Ismael without an interview.

The sensibility of the doctor induced him to sympathise in his patient's distress. To comply with her desire he knew to be impossible.

The only chance he had of composing her mind upon this subject would, he imagined, be when the ebullition excited by the departure of the youth had in some degree subsided. He therefore almost wished him gone; though his gratitude would not permit him to hint his wish: indeed he would nearly as soon have stated to him the case of his patient, to which he feared he had in a former conversation inadvertently alluded.

Completely dejected with this situation of affairs, as his carriage rolled slowly towards his mansion, he viewed with envy the satisfaction that appeared in the important busy faces which the crowded

streets exhibited, and the smiles indicating happiness, which embellished those of even the lowest ranks of society.

"Foiled in my endeavours to soothe the mind of Zulima, and evince my gratitude to her father," he exclaimed, "I believe that I am the only unfortunate person in Ispahan! Would to Alla that I had never left my old shop in the bazar!"

Harassed and fatigued both in mind and body, his repast was taken away almost untouched. From his pipe, which he had formerly considered as his friend in the hour of adversity, he did not seem to derive the least consolation.

The next morning Tamas came to inform him, that his lady seemed more composed.

"Then," said the doctor, "my medicines have done what I never expected they would, procured her sleep. If that be the case, we have still another chance, and I will hasten to her."

Nadir had scarce crossed the marble vestibule of the palace of Mirza, when the omrah met him with open arms. "Saviour of the flower of my family? friend to the house of Mirza!" he cried, "my daughter will be restored to me! she is composed! I am just come from her!"

"I am glad you are, most noble Mirza," said Nadir; "you never did a pruder thing. You say your daughter is composed; long may she continue so; but you will extremely hazard her health if you suffer her to see these emotions of your mind."

"Your medicines have had the desired effect; she has slept!"

"Restrain these ebullitions, or I must administer them to you," said Nadir.

"I will do any thing for you! I will take any thing from your hands!"

"I shall not," replied the doctor, "consider that as a compliment, because I have the greatest regard for your health, oh noble Mirza!"

Doctor Nadir, who was a little incredulous as to the effect of his medicines upon the complaint of the lovely Zulima, was, when he saw her, convinced that they could not be praised too highly. She was much more composed than even before her last relapse; her eyes, ever irresistible, had indeed a brilliancy which he did not much like, but he attributed this to some small remains of a fever still lurking in the system. Against this enemy he was induced to level the artillery of a prescription. However, before it was made up, he was determined to try the strength of her understanding: he therefore talked to her on a variety of subjects, music, literature, painting, her brother, her father: upon all these she seemed collected, upon some animated. She, in her turn, questioned him respecting his pursuits, the news of Ispahan, and an assemblage of other topics, in which her good sense and judgment were equally conspicuous.

After this colloquy, which might be deemed a trial of skill betwixt the doctor and patient, the former departed, highly satisfied with the wonderful effects of his medicines, which, to this hour, he does not know had never been taken. He, in this case, discovered virtues in them that had hitherto been latent. Upon these he resolved to write a treatise; and, in the mean time, to send his said patient a few doses more the same evening.

(To be continued.)

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

ACCOUNT OF FRANCES SCANAGATTI, A MILANESE YOUNG LADY, WHO SERVED WITH REPUTATION AS AN ENSIGN AND LIEUTENANT OF THREE DIFFERENT AUSTRIAN REGIMENTS DURING THE LAST WAR.

FRANCES SCANAGATTI was born at Milan, and baptized at the



parish of St. Eusebius, the 14th of September, 1781. In her infancy she made considerable progress in the German and French languages under a Strasburg governess named madame Depuis. This lady having in her youth belonged to a company of the *comédie Française*, possessed some information, and engaged her pupil to apply to study with pleasure, by the amusing means she employed of reciting and explaining, sometimes in the one, and sometimes in the other language, such small pieces of comedy and romance as were within her reach, and obliging her to repeat the same by degrees. It is not improbable, in consequence of so many comic and romantic ideas arising from these amusing studies, that this young lady insensibly conceived a passion for the military profession, and adopted as a maxim, that women might run the course of glory and science as well as men, if they entered on them with equal advantages of instruction and emulation.

At ten years of age she was put under the charge of the nuns of the visitation, an institution in high repute throughout Italy for the education of young ladies; and here she conducted herself so as to obtain and deserve the esteem and friendship of the whole house, for her sweet, amiable, and engaging disposition. Such are the very expressions made use of by the venerable and distinguished superior, madame de Bayanne, to convey her approbation, and the general sense of the nuns of this respectable establishment.

Towards the end of 1794 her father, Mr. Joseph Scanagatti, resolved to send his daughter to Vienna as a boarder with a widow lady, in order to improve her in the knowledge of the German language, and to qualify her in the details of house-keeping. On the journey she was dressed in boy's clothes to avoid trouble and impertinence, and she was accompanied by one of her brothers, who intended to stop at Neustadt, in order to attend a course

of military studies in the academy of that town, which is esteemed the nursery of the best officers in the Austrian army. The pupils, to the number of four hundred, mostly officers' sons, are maintained and educated by the imperial court, and, besides the military exercises, are instructed in languages, mathematics, and the *belles lettres*.

During the journey the brother fell sick, and acknowledged to his sister, what he had not had the courage to avow to his father, that he had neither taste nor inclination for a military life. His sister then strenuously urged him to return home with the servant to re-establish his health: and, having obtained from him the letter of recommendation he carried to M. de Haller, surgeon on the staff of the academy, and at whose house he was to have been boarded, she had the intrepidity to introduce herself, under its sanction, to the gentlemen as the recommended boy, and as such received the kindest welcome. In a short time she had the good fortune to gain the friendship of M. de Haller, his wife, and two lovely daughters, so as to be considered as one of the family. Giving daily proofs of an amiable character and a strong disposition to be instructed, she obtained from court permission to attend the lectures at the academy, and so conspicuously distinguished herself by her exemplary conduct and her progress, that she bore away the prizes of distinction in both the years, 1795 and 1796, that she remained there.

At this Academy she perfected herself in the knowledge of German and French, and also acquired a knowledge of the English language under Mr. Plunket, a clergyman from Ireland, one of the professors of the institution, who declares that he never had the smallest suspicion of young Scanagatti being a girl, but considered her as a very mild and accomplished boy, of uncommon prudence. Here also she made the most successful application to fencing and military tactics, as



well as to the various branches of the mathematics.

In the month of February, 1797, she resolved to address the supreme council of war at Vienna to be admitted an officer in the army, supporting her application by the most honourable testimonies of conduct and talents, which the academy could not refuse her, and accompanying these with more eloquent vouchers, viz., the prizes awarded her during the two preceding years.

The supreme council being at this time particularly in want of good officers, to replace the great numbers who had fallen in the preceding campaigns, readily appointed her to an ensigncy in the regiment of St. George.

Her promotion being notified to her through the channel of the academy, she immediately set out for Vienna, whence she received orders to join a transport of recruits in Hungary, and proceeded with it to the Upper Rhine, where the battalion lay to which she was appointed. This battalion was composed of Waradiners, and was commanded by major Seitel. It was stationed on the right bank of the Rhine, in the neighbourhood of Kehl, and at the extremest outposts, when she joined it, but shortly after was obliged to retire to the town of Mannheim, the enemy having passed the Rhine between Kilstett and Deershem.

At length the peace of Campo Formio put an end to the campaign, and mademoiselle Scaganatti having passed about sixteen months in different cantonments in the empire, Silesia, and Stira, received an order to repair to Poland, to join the fourth battalion of the regiment of Wenzel Colloredo, then commanded by major Deeber.

She was now stationed in the town of Sandomir; and here she experienced the most distressing inquietudes, through the dread of her sex being discovered. As she frequented the cassino, where the most select company associated, some of the ladies who assembled there, either through the conformation of

her body, or her reserved manners, conceived and communicated their suspicions. And accordingly one day a young gentleman belonging to the town said to her ingenuously, "Do you know, ensign, what these ladies observe of you?" she immediately suspected where the blow was directed; but, concealing her alarm, she answered she should be glad to know in what respect she had attracted their notice. "Why," replied the gentleman, "they observe in you the air and manner of a lady." On this she fell a laughing, and, with an arch and lively air rejoined, "In this case, sir, as the decision of the question is competent to a lady, I beg leave to select your wife for my judge." This proposal however, he did not think proper to accept, and, wishing to disengage himself, protested that he was far from believing any such thing, and only hinted at what mesdames N. N. had suspected. She withdrew earlier than usual that day, and passed rather an uneasy night. But having fully meditated on her situation, she resolved to bear herself through, put on a good face, appear at the cassino next day, and there hold the most gallant and free discourse with the ladies, in order to remove, if possible, their suspicions. Accordingly, after complimenting them, she brought the matter on the carpet, and declared, that, far from being offended, she found herself highly flattered, in hopes, that the opinion they entertained would render them less difficult to favour her with a verification to enable them to pronounce their judgment with greater certainty. This produced the effect she wished: the ladies, astonished by this military air of frankness, immediately retracted their opinion, saying "You are too gallant, ensign, for us to presume doing you any farther the injury of believing you a lady;" and thus the matter dropt.

Sometime after, having received orders to proceed to Chelm, she had the good fortune to escape the prying looks of the fair-sex there, who

obliged her to use uncommon circumspection. But she fell sick on the road, and was obliged to stop at Lubin, the head-quarters of the battalion. On this occasion she was under much obligation to captain Tauber, of the same regiment, who showed her uncommon marks of humanity, attention, and kindness, in a country where she was quite a stranger. Here also she had some difficulty to conceal her sex; for being affected with a general debility, she was obliged to commit herself in all her wants to the care of a soldier who was her servant, but who happily for her was a young man of such simplicity, that she ran no risk from his penetration.

She had scarcely recovered, when, having received notice that the council of war had transferred her to the regiment of Bannat, she reported herself ready immediately to join; and, notwithstanding the advice of her present commander to suspend her journey until she had sufficiently recruited her strength, she persisted in undertaking it, and arrived on the 6th of May, 1799, at Penezona, in the Bannat, where the staff were stationed.

Some promotions were at this crisis taking place in the regiment, and being one of the oldest ensigns, she expected to be promoted to a lieutenancy, but was no less surprised than hurt to find two younger ensigns preferred to her. Being sure of her ground, in so far as to know that the conduct-list given in her favour by the regiments in which she had before served had left not the smallest room for reproach, notwithstanding her mild and patient character, she presented very sharp remonstrances, protesting that she should be ashamed to continue to wear the uniform of the regiment, if it did not repair the injury done her. In answer to this remonstrance she received a rescript of the 13th of July, which entirely satisfied her, the regiment declaring that the mistake proceeded from not having known that ensign Scanagatti had been transfer-

red to it when the promotions were proposed, but that they would not fail to take the first opportunity of doing justice to her merit; and in fact she obtained a lieutenancy on the 1st of March following.

She was now placed in the battalion of reserve, which generally remains inactive in cantonment, and was then under the command of lieutenant-colonel Einsfeld. But anxious to share in the glory of the campaign, she solicited to be transferred to one of the battalions of the same regiment which were then acting against the enemy in Italy, and she was in consequence appointed to the sixth, then encamped on the mountains to the east of Genoa, which she joined without delay.

Here she was encamped with her battalion, commanded by major Paulich, and sharp skirmishes and actions more frequently took place than at any other of the outposts. She fought under that officer particularly in two battles that took place on the 14th and 15th of December, 1799, in the neighbourhood of Scoffera, and at Torriglia, where she had the satisfaction of penetrating first into the enemy's intrenched redoubts, which the enemy were then forced to abandon, but which they retook next day, through the superiority of force with which they renewed the attack.

In this unfortunate affair the brave major Paulich being severely wounded and made prisoner, with a part of his battalion, the main body of the army in that neighbourhood, under the command of general count de Klenau, was obliged immediately to retire. Ensign Scanagatti was then ordered to post himself at Barba Gelata, with a small detachment, in order to cover the retreat on that side; and on the 25th of the same month received orders to join the battalion lying at Campiano and Castebardi, districts belonging to the duke of Parma.

Captain Golubowish, and after him captain Kliunowich, succeeded to the command of the battalion,



which, about the end of February, 1800, was sent into quarters at Leghorn. At this time ensign Scanagatti having been dispatched on regimental business to Venice, Mantua, and Milan, had the satisfaction to revisit her family in passing through Cremona, of which town her father was then intendant.

Here she stopt a day and two nights. Her mother during all that time never quitted her sight; and having remarked in the morning, that, when dressing, she laced her chest very straightly, to efface every exterior sign of her sex, and that so strong a compression had there already produced a certain degree of mortification and some lividity, madame Scanagatti communicated her fears to her husband, that their child would soon fall a victim to a cancer if they delayed longer obliging her to quit the service.

The father, from the moment the news reached him that his daughter had introduced herself to the academy as a boy, had never ceased to importune her to return to the avocations of her sex, but at the same time carefully concealed this transaction of a daughter of whom he received the most satisfactory reports, and from whose spirit he had also to expect some imprudent resolution if counteracted by violent means. He now reflected seriously on the most efficient means to be employed to calm the uneasiness of his wife, and, if possible, to withdraw his daughter without irritating her feelings. He renewed the attempt to engage her voluntary compliance, insisting strongly, among many other dangers to which she was exposed, on the discovery made by her mother, and offering to accommodate her in his house with every thing that could give her satisfaction.

This attempt was however fruitless. She answered respectfully, that she would not fail to pay attention to what her mother had remarked respecting her; nor would

she hesitate a moment to fly to the bosom of her family (always dear to her), as soon as peace should take place, and which could not be at a great distance; but she begged him to reflect, that she would lose the little merit she had acquired in her career if she should quit it at that crisis. Lastly, that he might perfectly tranquillize himself on her account, seeing that, in the course of three years and a half, she had been able happily to support her character in the midst of an army, and in a variety of critical situations. In this manner she took leave of her parents, and proceeded to execute the remainder of her commissions.

Meanwhile her father resolved to go to Milan, and in this dilemma to be guided entirely by count Cocasteli, a nobleman who had much regard for him, and who, being commissary general of his imperial majesty in Lombardy, and near the army of Italy, could be of service to him in an affair of such delicacy.

In consequence of his advice, and through the medium of the count, he addressed a memorial to his excellency baron Melas, disclosing the story of his daughter, and soliciting for her an honourable discharge.

The lady in the mean time having executed her commissions, while her father was, unknown to her, engaged in this scheme, returned to her regiment, which she found at the outposts of the blockade of Genoa, encamped on Monte-Becco, and near Monte-Faccio. On the same day that this latter place capitulated, she received notice that the commander-in-chief had sent an order to the battalion to permit lieutenant Scanagatti to proceed to join his family at Milan. This permission, unsolicited by her, was equally disagreeable and unexpected. She immediately perceived that it must have come through her parents; but, though cruelly disappointed, she consoled herself that she was not discovered to be a girl, but was

treated as an officer in the very order of the commander-in-chief; and what confirmed her in this flattering idea was, that next day being at dinner with general baron de Gottsheim, commanding the division of the imperial army in this neighbourhood, she was always addressed by the title of lieutenant, and nothing occurred that gave her the smallest suspicion that her sex was known.

Amidst these reflections she resolved, on the 3d of June, 1800, to proceed on her journey towards her paternal mansion, but on the 8th of the same month, having learnt at Bologna that the enemy had just entered the Milanese, she thought it advisable to direct her route to Verona, to which the staff of the Austrian army was then transferred. She there applied for and obtained a new route for Venice, where her father then was, and where she remained, tired of an inactive life, till the peace of Luneville permitted her to return with safety to her country. And it was with no small regret that she left off a uniform obtained through the most signal merit, and supported in the most honourable and exemplary manner.

To attest the truth of which, and the well-merited opinion of her zealous and faithful services, the commander-in-chief, general baron Melas, in a rescript of the 23d of May, 1801, announced to the supreme council of war, that on the 11th of July, 1800, he had conferred her lieutenancy on her brother, who was then a cadet in the regiment of Belgiojoso.

It is only necessary to add, that this adventurous young lady, having resumed her sex, in the bosom of her family is no less a pattern now of female merit, than she had formerly been of military conduct, fulfilling with unexampled sweetness and equanimity of temper, the office of governess to her younger sisters, and otherwise assisting her venerable mother in the details of family management.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### THOUGHTS ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

IN a short time the warmth which has so long invigorated the air, and the splendour which has cheered the human heart, and made the fields laugh and sing, to use the emphatical language of scripture, shall yield to the gloom of winter, and the smile of nature be succeeded by her frown. Nature will in this country wear an aspect as different from what it has done for some months past, as perhaps it wears in different parts of the universe. It does not appear probable that, were we indulged with the power of travelling from travelling from planet to planet, nay, could we continue our voyage even to the comets themselves, we should meet with greater opposites, than the congealing cold of winter, and summer's sultry heat. Yet it would be presumption in us, who are confined to so small a part of the creation, to conclude that heat and cold are the only principles of nature. In other parts of the universe the air may be endowed with the power of operating in a quite different manner, a power which would, in all probability, destroy such brittle frames as ours, if our senses were not altered. But such philosophical speculations are not so naturally suggested by this vicissitude of seasons, as those moral reflections calculated to amuse the gloom of melancholy, check the sallies of levity, and open to the soul the exhilarating prospects of hope. That a time, to outward appearance, so dismal as winter, should be a season of pleasure, ought to encourage those who consider the world in a bad light, as an abode of misery and a vale of tears; for if the inclemency of the weather only changes or increases our pleasures, how can it be looked upon as an evil? yet the pleasures enjoyed during the winter season in populous cities by far exceed those of a country life, the hurry of dissipation being more to the



general taste of mankind than the tranquillity of retirement. None but minds of a philosophic turn are touched with the beauties of nature, but the gaiety of London or Paris strike the minds even of the most superficial. Yet whilst the young and fashionable enjoy the pleasurable season, the vicissitude by which it is produced should put them in mind that youth itself will have an end; and that when they are declined into the vale of years, they will be so far from having a stronger relish for pleasure, that all their enjoyments will grow tasteless and insipid. But no reflection suggested by this variation appears more useful, or more proper to be inculcated, than that, from this mutability of nature, it is natural to infer that man is a progressive being, and that his existence is to be continued through an infinite variety of scenes and changes, every one of which will add to his perfection and increase his felicity. This Mr. Thomson has finely expressed in his philosophical poem on the seasons:

This infancy of Nature cannot be  
God's final purpose.

From hence likewise an argument may be drawn to silence those who cavil at the dispensations of divine Providence. Since our present state is so transitory, it would be unreasonable to wish that its enjoyments should be of so exquisite a nature as to attach us to it too strongly, and so make the prospect of losing it unsupportable. The mixture of evil which we see in this world may then be properly compared to the cold of winter, which by the counterbalancing its pleasures, makes people more ready to resign them, and retire into the country without repining.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

ON THE MUSIC OF THE ANCIENTS.

MUSIC is as ancient as the world. It seems to have been born with

man, to accompany him in his painful career, to sweeten his labours, and charm away his cares. This was its first employment. It was afterwards consecrated to divine service; and having thus risen in dignity, it became of principal account among the people, in accompanying the traditional narratives, relative to the characters and exploits of their ancestors. Hence it came to be the first science wherein their children were instructed. Music, and poetry its ally, accompanied all their studies. They even deified those who were first distinguished in it. Apollo was of this number. Orpheus, Amphion, and Linus, for their eminent talents in this art, were accounted more than men. Philosophers applied themselves to it. Pythagoras, Socrates, and Plato recommended it as worthy of being cultivated, not only by their disciples, but by the best regulated states. The Grecians, and particularly the Arcadians, enacted the study of it by law; regarding it as indispensably necessary to the common welfare. A science so generally cultivated should have arrived at perfection very early; yet did it continue in a state of imbecility, and without principles, till the times of Pythagoras.

Till the time of this philosopher, music was so vague and uncertain, that it required an extraordinary effort of genius to reduce it to method and order. He precisely determined the proportions which sounds bear to each other, and regulated harmony upon mathematical principles. But he let the precision of his mind carry him too far, in subjecting music to the judgment of reason alone, and admitting no pauses or rests, but such as had an arithmetical or geometric proportion in them. Aristoxenes, the disciple of Aristotle, thought, on the contrary, that this subject came entirely within the verge of hearing, and that the ear was the only judge of sounds. He therefore regulated the order, unison, and break in tones, solely by the judgment of the ear, and his sys-

tem prevailed, for some time, in Greece. Olympus, a Phrygian, came soon after to Athens: he invented a stringed instrument, which gave the semi-tones, whereby he introduced so many new graces into music, as gave it entirely another air. He joined Aristoxenes, appealing for the merit of his system to the decision of the ear. At length, the famous Ptolemy appeared, and, with superior spirit, equally disclaimed the partiality of both sides. He took a middle course; asserting that sense and reason had a joint right to judge of sounds. He accused the Pythagoreans of fallacy in their speculations, with respect to proportions; as well as of folly, in so disregarding the decisions of the ear, as to refuse it that kind of harmony which was agreeable to it, merely because the proportions did not correspond with their arbitrary rules. And he charged the partisans of Aristoxenes with an absurd neglect of reasoning, in that, though they were convinced of the difference of grave and acute tones, and of the proportions subsisting between them, and that those proportions invariably depended upon the several lengths of the musical chords; yet they never took the trouble of considering this, so as to enter into the reason of it. He determined, therefore, in deciding upon the principles of harmony, to make use, not only of reason, but also of the ear, as being of assistance to each other; and, in consequence of this, he laid down a certain method of finding the proportions of sounds. Had the ancients proceeded no farther, music must be infinitely more indebted to them than it possibly could be to their successors. The ancients have the sole merit of having laid down the first exact principles of music; and the writings of the Pythagoreans, Aristoxenes, Euclid, Aristides, Nicomachus, Plutarch, and many others, even such of them as still remain, contain every theory of music hitherto known. They knew, as well as the moderns, the art of noting their tones, performed by means

of entire letters, either contracted or reversed, placed on a line parallel to the words, and serving for the direction, the one of the voice, and the other of the instrument; and the scale itself, of which Guy Aretin is the supposed inventor, is no other than the ancient one of the Greeks a little enlarged, and what he may have taken from a Greek manuscript, above 800 years old, which Kircher says he saw at Messina, in the library of the Jesuits, and in which he found the hymns noted in the very manner of Aretin.

With respect to the manner of performing music among the ancients, it has been alleged that their instruments were not so complete as ours, and that they were unacquainted with those divisions of harmony that enter into our concerts; but this seems to be a groundless objection. The lyre, for instance, was certainly a very harmonious instrument; and, in the time of Plato, it was so constructed, and so full of variety, that he regarded it as dangerous, and too apt to relax the mind. When Anacreon flourished, it had already obtained forty strings. Ptolemy and Porphyry describe instruments resembling the lute and theorbo, having a handle with keys belonging to it, and the strings extended from the handle over a concave body of wood. At Rome is an ancient statue of Orpheus, with a musical bow in his right hand, and a kind of violin in his left. And there is a passage in Tertullian, which deserves particular consideration: 'What an astonishing hydraulic organ,' says he, 'was that of Archimedes; composed of such a number of pieces, consisting each of so many different parts, connected by such a quantity of joints, and containing such a variety of pipes for the imitation of voices, conveyed in such a multitude of sounds, modulated into such a diversity of tones, breathed from such an immense combination of flutes; and yet, all taken together, constituting but one single instrument!' In this passage, it is apparent, that



the flute was carried to such a high degree of perfection among the ancients, that there were various kinds of them, and so different in sound, as to be wonderfully adapted to express all manner of subjects.

With respect to harmony, it has been cursorily treated of by many respectable ancients. Macrobius speaks of five notes, among which the base bears such a symphony with those above it, that, however different, they altogether composed one sound. Ptolemy, speaking of the monochord, calls it a mighty simple instrument, as having neither unison, accompaniment, variety, nor complication of sounds. Seneca, in one of his letters, says to his friend, 'Do not you observe how many different voices a band of music is composed of? There you have the base, the higher notes, and the intermediate, the soft accents of women, and the tones of men intermingled with the sounds of flutes, which, however separately distinct, form altogether but one harmony of sound, in which each bears a share.' Plato sufficiently makes it appear, that he knew what harmony was, when he says that music is a proper study for youth, and should employ three years of their time; but that it was improper to put them upon playing alternately in concert, it being enough for them, if they could accompany their voice with the lyre. And the reason he gives for it is, that the accompaniment of various instruments, the base with those of a higher key, and the variety, and even opposition of symphonies, where music is played in divisions, can only embarrass the minds of youth. True it is, the ancients did not much practise compound music; but that proceeded only from their not liking it. For Aristotle, after asking why one instrument accompanied only by a single voice gave more delight than that very voice would do with a greater number, replies, that the multitude of instruments only obstructed the sound of the song, and

hindered it from being heard. Yet the same author, in another place, expressly says, that music, by the combination of the base and higher tones, and of notes long and short, and of a variety of voices, arises in perfect harmony. And in the following chapter, speaking of the revolutions of the several planets, as perfectly harmonizing with one another, they being all of them conducted by the same principle, he draws a comparison from music to illustrate his sentiments; just as in a chorus, says he, of men and women, where all the variety of voices through all the different tones, from the base to the higher notes, being under the guidance and direction of a musician, perfectly correspond with one another, and form a full harmony. Aurelius Cassidorus defines symphony to be the art of so adjusting the base to the higher notes, and them to it, through all the voices and instruments, whether they be wind or stringed instruments, that thence an agreeable harmony may result. And Horace speaks expressly of the base and higher tones, and the harmony resulting from their concurrence. All these testimonies, therefore, uniting in favour of the harmony of the ancients, ought not to leave us the least doubt respecting this branch of their knowledge. We have seen the reason why they did not much use harmony in concert. One fine voice alone, accompanied with one instrument, regulated entirely by it, pleased them better than mere music, without voices, and made a more lively impression on their feeling minds. And this is what even we ourselves every day experience.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

FACTS RELATIVE TO THE PRESENT STATE OF THE CITY OF TRIPOLI; BY JONATHAN COWDERY, SURGEON OF THE LATE

AMERICAN FRIGATE PHILADELPHIA.

*July 10, 1805.*

THE city of Tripoli stands on the north coast of Africa, in north latitude  $32^{\circ} 54'$ , and longitude east from London  $13^{\circ} 11'$ ; and is built on the ruins of the ancient Oca, on a sandy soil. It contains about 40,000 Turks, 5000 Jews, and 1000 Roman catholics and Greeks. It has eight mosques and one christian church; some of the mosques are very large.

The baths are places of considerable resort, on account of the injunctions of Mahomet, which direct the keeping the body clean: but I have seen many deviate from this, and rub their bodies with dry sand instead of water\*. This custom, I am informed, originated from the pilgrims and travellers not being able to find water while travelling over the desert. The Bedouins, a kind of sojourning Arabs, and people from the interior of Africa, often prefer this imperfect method of purification, even when water is at hand.

Many of the buildings have the appearance of great antiquity, of which the Turks can give no account. Among them is a Roman palace and a triumphal arch. The castle stands on the water's edge, in the north-easternmost corner of the city. Its ramparts are of different heights; on the land side they are from forty to eighty, and on the water side they are from thirty-five to forty feet in height. Twenty-five pieces of brass ordnance, of different sizes, are mounted on different parts of the castle, to command the city, adjoining country, and harbour. Several of the apartments in the west end of the castle are large, commodious, and airy, ornamented with a variety of fine marble, mosaic and stucco work, and richly furnished in the Turkish style.

Here the bashaw receives and

holds audience with foreign ambassadors and consuls; holds his divan, which he often imperiously overrules; and gives his mandates, which are often enforced by the most cruel torture and death. Here are a great number of smaller apartments; a large open court and spacious gallery for the accommodation and residence of the bashaw, his wives, children, and attendants: here is also a bomb-proof room, to which the bashaw flies in times of danger. The apartments in the east end of the castle are stables for the bashaw's horses, and prisons where our officers and myself were confined, and where the bashaw confines his hostages and criminals; and in the midst of which is the magazine of gunpowder. These gloomy mansions of horror are in bad repair, full of vermin, and is the filthiest place in all Tripoli.

The city, including the castle, is three miles and a half in circumference. The country about Tripoli, nearly to the foot of mount Atlas, which is two days' journey from Tripoli, is all, except the gardens and orchards near the city, a sandy and barren desert. The houses, the ramparts, and batteries which surround it, are built of the ruins of the ancient cities of Oca, Leptis, and Sabrata, which are chiefly of marble, and a variety of other calcareous stones, and columns of granite, many of which are very large, put together with a cement of lime and sand; but without the regularity of square, plumb-line, or level. The walls are generally white-washed with new-slacked lime, at the commencement of the ramidan or carnival. The tops of the houses are flat, and covered with a composition chiefly of lime, which, when dry, forms a very firm terrace. To ward against the vengeance of their enemies, the whole city is fire-proof.

The fresh water used in Tripoli, except in time of scarcity, or the fear of a siege, when it is brought from the wells in the desert on mules, asses, and christian slaves, is

\* This substitute, in cases of necessity, is allowed by Mahomet.—*Ed.*



rain-water caught in winter, the only time of rain in this country ; it runs from the terraces, through well constructed earthen tubes into large vaulted reservoirs, which are built of stone and lime, and well coated with lime, and are in the earth below the influence of the sun ; where it is preserved from filth, and when drawn for use it is remarkably clear, cool, and pleasant. The wells in and about Tripoli, for about two miles from the sea-shore, produce brackish water, which is used for scrubbing and drenching the sinks, necessities, sewers, &c., and for watering the gardens and orchards during the dry season. Sinks lead from the houses through the bottoms of the necessities into very large common sewers, which lead into the sea, all of which are built of stone and lime. The seamen and marines of the late frigate *Philadelphia* can attest the vast quantity of lime used in Tripoli ; a number of whom were driven, by unfeeling barbarians, to work in it for nineteen months.

The streets, not being paved, are naturally very dusty ; but every thing of the nature of manure is diligently sought for, gathered into large baskets, slung upon camels, mules, and asses, and carried to the gardens and orchards, to raise the soil from its natural state of barrenness. These little plantations are each enclosed with high walls ; they contain from two to six acres each ; several of them are cultivated by European gardeners, and are made to produce all the useful roots, plants, and fruits that are natural to the torrid and temperate zones. These enclosures are about 2000 in number, all interspersed with tall date trees, and are laid out in such a manner, that collectively they form a semicircle, which extends from shore to shore, at a little distance from the city. This ever-green half zone, the sandy desert which it lies upon, and the proud Atlas which borders the prospect, when viewed from the top of the castle-gate of the city, or the ship-

ping on the coast, presents a beautiful prospect.

The winds from the north, north-east, and north-west, are generally very salubrious ; those from the south, south-west, and south-east, come over the parched continent, and are very oppressive : they are called the Sirocco, and sometimes rise to that degree of heat and violence, that those who are not able to find shelter in houses, tents, &c., often perish ; it sometimes lasts three days, but generally not longer than the first twelve of the twenty-four hours. The want of proper apparatus rendered me unable to learn the different degrees of the temperature of the climate. The nights and mornings are sometimes cool after rain ; but I never, while in Tripoli, saw any frost or snow.

The principal market is held, every Tuesday, on the sandy beach about one mile easterly of the city, where a variety of articles are sold, and the butchers kill and sell their meat, chiefly to christians, Jews, and the higher order of Turks. Very little meat is killed in the city. The common class of people, and the bashaw's troops and seamen, eat but little meat ; their diet is chiefly dates, olives, oil of olives, bread, and a variety of vegetables, which they cook in oil. The Turks are, with a few exceptions, strangers to luxury and dissipation.

The prevailing disorders among the natives of Tripoli were, ophthalmia in summer, and catarrh and slight pneumonic affections in winter. The former I attributed to a remarkably serene and brilliant sky, and the scorching winds from the continent ; the latter to the want or neglect of proper clothing. The dead, except those of the bashaw's family, and a high order of marabuts, or priests, are buried out of the city. On the beach, one cable length east of the castle, and half a cable length above high water mark, myself, with our boatswain and twelve of our crew, did last summer, through the desire of captain Bainbridge, and permission

of the bashaw, bury our brave officers and seamen, who were killed in the explosions and in the engagements off Tripoli, and who floated on shore. In digging the graves, our men hove up vast quantities of human bones. The Turks informed me, that they were bones of the people who died of the plague many years ago; they collected them into baskets, and carried them away as fast as possible, muttering and saying that they should not be polluted with christian bones.

The calcareous substances of which Tripoli is chiefly built, the well constructed drains, the killing the meat and burying the dead at a distance from the city, the removing the offal and filth to the gardens for manure, and the temperate manner in which the Turks and Arabs live, have without doubt been the cause of the late remarkable continuance of health in Tripoli.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

POPULATION OF THE PRINCIPAL  
TOWNS IN FRANCE.

THE following list is extracted from the catalogue of the French towns, given at the head of the *Annales*, published at Paris for the year 11 of the republic.

	<i>Souls.</i>
Paris	672,000
Marseilles	108,000
Lyons	102,000
Bordeaux	104,000
Lisle	66,761
Brussels	66,000
Antwerp	56,378
Ghent	56,651
Toulouse	52,612
Amiens	40,000
Nismes	40,000
Bruges	36,000
Montpellier	32,899
Caen	34,805
Dunkirk	26,255
Dieppe	25,000
Brest	24,180

L'Orient	22,318
Besancon	25,328
Grenoble	20,019
Versailles	30,093
Rochefort	28,874
Toulon	19,000
Dijon	20,760
Falaise	14,069
Luneville	11,691
Cherbourg	10,081
Calais	6,549
Arles	20,000

The population of each town included in the vast circumference of the French republic, is set down in a table which occupies several pages; but it is evident, even from this abstract from it, that the population in many of them is given by guess, and not from actual enumeration. It is supposed that the population of Paris is over-rated, and that the actual number of inhabitants does not exceed 500,000: but, be this as it may, we may assure ourselves that as the French government has devoted its attention to this subject, each year will bring this catalogue nearer the truth. Why may not our almanacs contain an account of the population of each city and town in the United States?

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

PRESENT STATE OF ATHENS.

*By a late traveller.*

THOUGH numerous the injuries of time, of nature, of war, and of accidents, which Athens has suffered, its antiquities are still extant as monuments of its superior grandeur and beauty over all the cities that ever existed. High upon a rock, to which there is no possible access but by the western end, are the ruins of the Acropolis. Cecrops chose it as a place of retreat and defence for those inhabitants of Attica whom he had collected from the surrounding villages, &c. I cannot possibly imagine any thing of the kind more magnificent than



its propylæa or vestibule. It was built by Pericles, who coated the front and steps with white polished marble. Its five gates still remain, but the largest or central is the only one not filled up. Between them are doric pilasters, which contribute much to the beauty of their appearance. Indeed to behold this edifice without the liveliest sensations of admiration and pleasure, even as it now is, seems to me impossible; conceive then what it must have been when embellished by the sculpture of Phidias, and unimpaired. The first object that meets the eye on passing it is the temple of Minerva, called *Parthenon* in honour of her virginity, and from its dimension of a hundred feet in width *Ecatompedon*. It was held in the highest veneration by the Athenians, as the supposed habitation of their tutelary deity, whose statue it contained. In this celebrated image, which was made of gold and ivory, 36 cubits in height, Phidias displayed all his art. When the Persians took possession of this city, they burnt the Parthenon with the other temples, and I might say fortunately, as it happened at a period but little antecedent to the time when the polite arts had attained to perfection; when Pericles, with the aid of Phidias, Callicrates, and Ictinus, rebuilt it. The emperor Hadrian, whose attachment to Athens was continually displayed in his munificence, repaired it so effectually, that it continued almost entire from his reign to 1687, when unfortunately a bomb fired from the camp of Morosini, the Venetian general who besieged Athens, fell upon and destroyed the roof. Its decay since that accident has been rapid, and its richest ornaments pillaged. It was raised on a base of six steps: its peristyle had forty-six columns, eight channelled in each front, and fifteen plain at the sides. They are forty-one feet and a half in height, and six in diameter. Its mutilated entablature represents battles between the Athenians and Centaurs, with religious ceremonies, processions, &c. On the posticus

was sculptured the birth of Minerva. It is lamentable to behold the ravages that travellers have made upon the inimitable reliefs of this and the other temples. With difficulty I discover what they represent, as not a figure is entire. The noblest sculpture of Athens that has escaped the injuries of time, &c., is now scattered over Europe, and lodged in the cabinets of nations, whose barbarous ancestors were not known even by name to the polished inhabitants of Greece. The Parthenon was the principal temple of the Acropolis, and generally the most admired; but I think with little reason, as that of Neptune, named Erectheus, is of far more elegant, if of less noble architecture. It is like the Apollo of the Belvedere, the unrivalled master-piece of its kind. When I had seen the Corinthian temple at Nismes called La Maison Quarree, I despaired of ever again beholding a building that would afford me such comfort in the contemplation of it. In Italy and Sicily I found nothing comparable with it, but on turning from the Parthenon, how great was my astonishment and delight to behold a model of Ionic structure, than which nothing could be more simple, and yet more sublime! It is impossible to mistake it, from the description of Pausanias, who calls it *diploun Oichema*, a double building, the two parts of it being joined together at right angles. The one is dedicated to Neptune or Erectheus, and the other to Minerva Polias, protectress of the citadel. By their junction the Athenians symbolized the reconciliation of these deities after their contest for naming Athens. In the former was the salt spring produced by a blow of Neptune's trident: in the latter the olive tree, Minerva's more profitable gift, and her image said to have fallen from heaven, which was guarded by a serpent of uncommon size called *oicouros Ophis*: the superstitious Pausanias knew not whether to receive or reject this miraculous story. Adjoining to the Polias is a small temple erected in honour of

Pandrosos, the faithful daughter of Cecrops. To her and her two sisters, Herse and Aglauros, Minerva entrusted a chest which contained the infant Erectheus guarded by a serpent, with strict and solemn injunction not to examine its contents. The curiosity of the two elder prevailed over every other consideration, and induced them to open it, when they were immediately rendered frantic, and threw themselves over a precipice. Pandrosos was true to her charge, and therefore worshipped jointly with Minerva: so that when a heifer was sacrificed to the goddess, it was accompanied with a sheep to her. The order of architecture in this temple is (I believe) no where to be found but here; its entablature being supported by five female figures (originally six) called Cariatides instead of columns. As this building was constructed about fifty years after the sack of Athens by the Persians, it is conjectured, and with all probability, that the order was designed as a satire upon Arthemisia queen of Halicarnassus in Caria; who, though in origin a Greek, assisted the Persian with a fleet against her mother country. The Cariatides are admirably finished, and their robes extremely graceful, as is also their head-dress. These figures have been spelled Caryatides from a supposition that they were intended to represent women of Carya in Peloponnesus, a city in league with the Persians; but this is a weak conjecture, as their Asiatic dress alone will prove the contrary. The Pandrosium contained Minerva's olive tree, called *Pagcophos* from its branches bending downwards when they had grown up to the roof. These are the only remains of the Acropolis, the foundations of the walls excepted. I visit the divine Erechtheum every day, and am only fearful that the barbarian mussulmans who garrison the citadel will suspect me of some design against it, and, by exclusion, debar me of the most exquisite pleasure I can receive at Athens.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

## THE OLIO.

NO. VI.

*Advice to a young lady, who received the addresses of a gay and profligate young man, in opposition to her friends: exemplified in the story of Almeria.*

*My dear Serina,*

YOU are now arrived at that period when the unexperienced heart most requires a guide, to point out the many dangers that attend our feeble sex through life: the smoothest path of which, however flattering it may appear to the youthful eye, though adorned, as it were, with flowers perfumed with the fragrance of Arabia, is too often strewn with thorns, which harass the feet of those who step most cautiously, from the sceptred monarch on the throne, to the sorrow-worn object who begs for alms from door to door: ways beset with snares and wiles unseen, in which the unwary are too often precipitated, and, if a female, they "fall to rise no more." How necessary, then, for the gay and thoughtless, as well as the daughter of sensibility, to listen to the dictates of Prudence; how necessary for you, my dear girl, whose bosom glows with that painful and dangerous sensation, to grant her a conspicuous place in your bosom. She will guard, Serina, each avenue there; and prevent your deviating from rules long since prescribed for the sex, a deviation that would most assuredly bring on you the reproaches of your own heart; a deviation which the too partial world makes a point never to forgive. Too partial I say, for how often are the profligate, the gay and fashionable libertines of the age, encouraged and caressed by our sex, even perhaps at the moment when their cowardly hearts may be flushed with a victory over some poor ruined female, who, for-



saken by him in whom her soul confided, is left to bemoan her own credulity and his broken faith.

Woman, my dear Serina, is never so lovely, never so resembling what Milton, that first of poets, so beautifully fancied our first mother, as when acting with a dignity becoming the sex: a dignity which when wanting degrades us at once to a level with the vicious of the other. How greatly then do we disparage ourselves, by not spurning those destroyers of innocence and associates of infamy from our private assemblies, by not convincing them, by a frown of indignation, that our souls are of a texture too pure to countenance those who even seek not to hide the enormity of their conduct. Why it is that the world has established such customs? customs that must inevitably encourage vice.

Yet dare, Serina, to be singular, dare to prefer the man of principle to him who knows it not; so will you live in the estimation of men possessing sense and integrity of heart, be esteemed by the amiable of your own sex, and convince even the libertine that the innate principles of your heart are those of rectitude. Shun the vicious, as you wish for happiness; you cannot love Virtue, and at the same time smile approbation on the contemners of her laws. Rely not on your own strength; it may deceive, for, with no propensity to act unworthily, you may be drawn aside from propriety by countenancing, if not the votaries of vice, yet those who act, in respect to woman, with no principle. A melancholy example is engraved on my mind, written there as with a pen of adamant.

Almeria, the lovely Almeria, was the sprightly daughter of vivacity. The graces sported around her beauteous form, while her animated countenance charmed the eye of every beholder; nor did even the envious dare to intimate that her internal beauties were exceeded by external charms. Why thus, Almeria, said her sister Emily,

why, when we were taught to reverence virtue, the love of which we equally alike imbibed in nourishment from our mother's bosom, thus countenance the unprincipled Philario? Is he not infinitely more culpable than the poor desolate Matilda, who, forsaken by a partial and ill-judging world, nourishes her infant, the infant of her betrayer, at her hapless bosom, a bosom pure as the unsullied snow, ere made a prey to his perfidious wiles. Nay, smile not, Almeria, the comparison was a just one. Did she not resemble the lily of the valley, adorned with her own innocence? Have we not seen her cheerful as the first dawn of May, while bestowing her unwearied attention on a beloved, aged, and infirm parent? Have we not seen his furrowed cheek wet with her tears, while she supported his venerable form? Behold her now in her solitary retirement; your favourite jasmine is not more pale than her once vermilion cheek, while her downcast eye has totally lost its former brilliancy, and acquired the settled look of despair. How can my sister think on her fall from virtue, and smile on her destroyer, the perfidious Philario?

I confess, answered Almeria, Philario to be somewhat dissipated at present, but a reformed rake, says the proverb, makes the best husband; nor do I like him the worse for a trifling wildness. He dare not insult one deserving his esteem; rely upon it, Emily, it is the levity of our sex that induces the other to treat us indignantly.

But, my dear Serina, mark the sequel, and profit by the lost Almeria's fate; for Almeria, the self-confident Almeria, hitherto admired for propriety of conduct, gay, yet modest in her demeanour, ere many months had flown, became a victim to the wretch Philario. Humbled, degraded in her own estimation, experiencing the bitter poignancy of self reflection, the very luminaries of heaven became painful to her sight, every eye that met hers, she fancied, wore the look of contempt, and

reproachingly seemed to inquire for her once boasted virtue.

Philario appeared and offered his hand, but she spurned him from her, with the contempt he merited. Wretch, she cried, would you tyrannize over me for years yet to come? will marriage restore innocence? will it obliterate memory? can I, or will you forget my shame? Away, I want not your pity! away, my love flew with my innocence! The grave shall shelter me, there I will take refuge.

To Emily she said, Forbear, my sister, speak not of life, speak not of forgiveness; though the world should never know my shame, or, what is of far more consequence, should my infamy never wound the bosom that cherished my happy infancy, or raise a blush on the cheek of my sister, never, never could I be at peace with myself, or wish to live the polluted wretch I am.

Nor did she long exist for the finger of scorn to point to, or to war with her own frailty. A fever, the effect of an agonized mind, seized unrelenting on her tender frame, nor loosed its hold until the vital stream forgot to flow. Soon came the morn that saw her numbered with the unthinking dead, that freed her spirit from the loathed clay. Pure in itself, it sought its native skies, refusing, as it were, to inhabit a tenement, however lovely, contaminated by vice.

Oh may this mournful instance of female error, of the danger of countenancing the dissipated, serve as a memento to my dear Serina, and induce you to prefer the man of virtue to those boasters of their own shame. A smile bestowed on a libertine, those starers who put innocence to the blush, ill becomes the lips of a modest woman. Love is a dangerous guest to the heart of sensibility; when permitted in bosoms such as yours to gain admittance,

In vain will Prudence, lovely matron,  
plead,

And deaf to her dictates you'll be  
lost indeed.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

THE TWO SAVINIAS; OR, THE  
TWIN.

*From the French.*

AT the castle of Schindeligen, in one of the wildest districts of Switzerland, two sisters lived, and were brought up together. Born on the same day, they were nurtured at the breast of the same mother, with the same care, and the same tenderness. Nature had formed them after precisely the same model. Never did two living beings appear more exactly alike. They had the same features, the same tone of voice, and to the exact conformity of their exterior corresponded their character and inclinations. They delighted in the same sports and the same amusements, as they charmed by the same graces; and, that no distinction might be made between those whom nature had chosen to render so similar, the same name was given to them. Savinia was the name of each, and seemed to blend in one the persons of those whose sentiments, habits, and lively affection for each other, exhibited no difference.

Antonia, their mother, had long been the victim of the prejudices of her parents, and the preference they gave to an elder sister; and had vowed, before she became a mother, to tear from her heart every sentiment which might produce the slightest inequality between the children that might be born of her. On the day when she gave birth to her daughters, she therefore thanked Heaven for having thus, beyond her expectation, facilitated the accomplishment of her resolution. She threw away the tokens that had been fastened to them in order to distinguish them, and wished, by renouncing the power of recognising a difference between them, to destroy even the possibility of injustice, and deprive the objects of her affection



of all pretext for jealousy. If the maternal eye could discover in them some slight shade of difference, which by it alone could be discerned, she never betrayed the secret of the discovery. No person could perceive but that the *two Savinias* were to Antonia one and the same person. Never did the one receive a caress which the other might not believe was equally intended for herself. If one had committed any fault, the mother reprimanded or enjoined a penance to her who first presented herself, who, if she were not guilty, never complained, since she had been accustomed to believe that herself and her sister were the same. Neither ever thought of saying—*It was not I*; for had the penance been inflicted on her sister, she would have suffered equally: in fact, perhaps, still more, for we suffer less when we suffer for those we love. But how much must each resolve no more to be guilty of a similar fault, since the punishment of her offence might fall upon her sister! It is rarely that those who love nothing can be corrected of any thing: it is only when we live for another, that we know the true value of our own virtues.

There was no particular quality in either from which a common advantage did not result to both. The very slight difference which existed in their external appearance, was somewhat more sensible in their intellectual faculties. One had the stronger memory, and occasionally displayed the most acuteness and wit. But it was never intimated to them that this was perceptible. Frequently she who could learn with most facility recited the lesson of her sister; and this without artifice; for she would say, with great simplicity, 'my sister could not learn her task: I have learnt it for her besides my own: that is all the same, you know.' This was accepted; and Antonia only said to the other—'take care to apply yourself to your lessons, that you may be able to render the same

service to your sister when she may want it.' Ought any other emulation to be permitted between the children of the same father?

Never did one of the two *Savinias* imagine it possible that she could enjoy a pleasure of which her sister did not partake, till the moment when——

They were sixteen years old. A young stranger arrived at Schindelingen. He was most agreeable and interesting in his person and manners: they were amiable and charming. Both felt an equal emotion at the sight of him. But one of these pleasing females having first displayed for him the sensibility of dawning affection, fixed that love which it appeared otherwise impossible should be guided by choice. For the first time, one of the *Savinias* was told that she was preferred to her sister, and for the first time she felt a pleasure in the thought of such a preference. For the first time she was gratified by being loved alone, or rather she did not advert that love was bestowed on her to the exclusion of her sister. Perfectly happy herself, could she imagine that the companion of her life suffered any pain? Yet, while preparations were making for her union with her lover, her unfortunate but involuntary rival, the prey of love and regret, reproached herself with suffering while her sister was happy. At length her secret escaped her: she revealed her love, and confessed her shame and her sorrow to her sister. From that time was her sister, before so happy, a stranger to repose: her happiness was odious to her, since it cost her that of her sister. Determined each to sacrifice herself to the other, they no longer confided their real intentions to each other, but bore their sufferings in silence, and pined away, and at length sank to the grave one after the other. Their parents did not long survive them. The castle of Schindelingen was deserted; and nothing now remains but the rock on which it was built, the tomb,

and the remembrance of the two Savinias.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

EXTRACT FROM THE WILL OF AN OLD BACHELOR, WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF 87.

*From the German.*

— LOVE, hope, and even fear, ought by turns to agitate the human breast, to prevent our days from passing over in an insipid uniformity. It is to escape this insipidity, so insupportable to man, that he employs himself in a thousand trifles, a thousand follies: one plays at chess, another builds houses; one learns to warble like the birds, another to decypher music; this man learns to cultivate flowers, the other to write books, &c.

These various means of escaping *ennui* had nothing in them to captivate my fancy. In examining the different interests which arose in my view, I found that which alone had power to attach me to life, and make it valuable, were the extatic ties of husband and father: celibacy never made a part in my schemes of happiness; I loved in good earnest; my vows were always sincere and honourable, as I only aspired to become a good husband and a good father of a family. I have been in love seven times, is not that enough? and is it not unfortunate that I have not found a wife? Ah! my friend, my first affections alone have power to make my tears flow! A gentle innocent girl, who was to me most truly a first love, and who returned my passion as tenderly, death snatched from me, and I was near following her to the grave. Never shall I forget that amiable creature!

After some years of grief and indifference, a very pretty fair-one animated my heart; I exerted all my assiduities with kindness, she

blushed, and cast down her eyes with a thoughtful air. This is she who is to be the companion of my life, thought I with transport, and I disclosed to her my passion; she interrupted my first words, by assuring me of her tender friendship, of which she was about to give me a proof. She then told me, in confidence, that she had a long time been strongly attached to a young man, and never would marry any other than him. In thus renouncing my tender and pretty fair-one, I did not renounce the hope of being one day happy in marriage. I offered my vows to a third, a young lady who was beautiful as an angel; she received my declarations with expressions of esteem, but she received them as the homage due to her charms. Amelia (for that was her name) was proud of her beauty and wit, and only thought of multiplying her conquests, considering it beneath her to sacrifice those to the happiness of one man only. When I merely talked of love, she willingly heard me; but when I pronounced the word marriage, I was repulsed. I left her, and went home much mortified by her refusal; but as I had been more dazzled by her charms than touched by her character, I felt more resentment than grief.

Nothing is more suffocating than anger and vexation; I opened my window to get air, and my eyes were mechanically cast upon the street. In that moment, a young brunette, neat and smart, crossed it; I recollected to have seen her before, but she had never drawn my attention; the general elegance of her air struck me, and, as a flash of lightning, it occurred to my mind to avenge myself on the haughty Amelia, by paying my court to this young person. This suggestion quickly ripened into a settled project, and, as usual was combined with the idea of marriage, which still more embellished in my eyes the object of my new flame. I found means to introduce myself at her house; I followed her with assiduity; I suffered no



opportunity to escape to make known my sentiments, which she appeared well inclined to return; when suddenly her parents said to me, 'that my frequent visits to their house did them much honour; that they begged I would continue them, and remain always a friend to the family; but they believed they ought to apprise me, that their daughter had been long before promised to a very rich man of the next town; that his arrival was expected, and they besought me, as a friend, not to offer him any offence.' My young friend gave me to understand that she would have preferred me, but that she must obey. He was handsome, he was amiable; and I soon perceived that my young brunette obeyed without reluctance.

You may easily imagine that I became timid and suspicious after all these disappointments; hardly dare I look at a woman, lest I should become enamoured; but the disease quickly banished my fears. I became again in love, and this time was very seriously so. I loved with passion, but with such diffidence, such an apprehension of not succeeding, that I dared not to avow my sentiments to her who had inspired them: I regularly passed before her windows three times a day, and, when she appeared, I bowed with the most tender and respectful air, almost touching the ground with my hat. During some days, she appeared there more frequently, and I even remarked, that when she saw me at a distance she fixed herself in her balcony, and answered my salutations with a sweet smile. I was overwhelmed with joy, and employed my thoughts on the means of making myself known to her; when one day that I passed, as usual, before her house, and was walking slowly to prolong the pleasure of being near her, I heard her burst into a fit of laughter, and say, 'come, I pray, my dear friend, come and look at this cringing fellow! he is of all beings on earth the most ridiculous.' A young man approach-

ed her, and, passing his arm round her waist, laughed heartily with her, as their eyes followed me.

I withdrew much quicker than I went, and soon learned that the young man had become her husband two days before. This melancholy adventure, which ought to have humbled me, on the contrary suddenly renewed my courage. I resolved to be no longer the dupe of of my own feelings, and to marry, cost what it would. I went into an assembly of young persons, and addressing myself to her who pleased me the most, I asked to speak to her apart; she granted my request, and the next day I went to her house. 'Are you at liberty?' said I, entering. 'Yes,' answered she, 'absolutely free.' 'Will you accept my heart and hand?' 'Both,' said she, smiling, and extending hers. From that moment, I considered myself married: but this engagement, so suddenly formed, was as suddenly dissolved. It would be too tedious to inform you of the particular circumstances; happily before the ceremony, I perceived . . .

. . . . . In short, she was unfaithful, and God be praised she was not yet my wife. It requires much precaution, thought I; one ought to study a long time, and with much attention, the woman who is to be one's companion. Try once more. I then made a seventh choice, which was more wise and reasonable, a charming young girl, well educated, and who had never been in love.

This time no one could accuse me of too much precipitation; I carefully watched all her steps, all her actions, all her intentions, without making my declaration. I hoped incessantly. I was as yet only in the fourth year of vigilance and observation, when in the moment I least expected she was carried off by a young man who knew her only four days. This shall be my last trial, said I; I can no more resolve to begin new amours: I still love the ladies, but this sentiment is ac-

accompanied by such timidity, that I cannot again venture to speak to them.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

ANECDOTE OF A SWISS CAPTAIN  
IN FRANCE.

A Swiss captain of grenadiers, whose company had been cashiered, was determined, since Mars had no more employment for him, to try if he could not procure a commission in the corps of Venus; or, in other words, if he could not get a wife: and, as he had no fortune of his own, he reasoned, and very justly, that it was necessary his intended should have enough for them both. The captain was one of those kind of heroes to whom the epithet of *hectoring blade* might readily be applied: he was nearly six feet high, wore a long sword, and fiercely-cocked hat: add to which, he was allowed to have the most martial pair of whiskers of any grenadier in the company to which he had belonged. To curl these whiskers, to comb and twist them round his fore-finger, and to admire them in the glass, formed the chief occupation and delight of his life. A man of these accomplishments, with the addition of bronze and rhodomontade, of which he had a superfluity, is supposed to stand at all times, and in all countries, a good chance with the ladies.

Accordingly, after a little diligent attention and artful inquiry, a young lady was found, exactly such a one as we may well suppose a person with his views would be glad to find. She was tolerably handsome, not more than three and twenty, with a good fortune; and, what was better still, her fortune was entirely at her own disposal.

Our captain, who thought now or never was the time, having first found means to introduce himself as a suitor, was incessant in his endeavours to carry his point. His tongue was eternally running in

praise of her superlative charms; and in hyperbolical accounts of the flames, darts, and daggers, by which his lungs, liver, and midriff were burnt up, transfixed, and gnawed away. He who, in writing a song to his sweetheart, described his heart to be without "one drop of gravy, like an over-done mutton-chop," was a fool at a simile when compared to our hero.

One day, as he was ranting, kneeling, and beseeching his goddess to send him of an errand to pluck the diamond from the nose of the great mogul, and present it to her divinityship, or suffer him to step and steal the empress of China's enchanted slipper, or the queen of Sheba's cockatoo, as a small testimony of what he would undertake to prove his love, she, after a little hesitation, addressed him thus:

"The protestations which you daily make, captain, as well as what you say at present, convince me there is nothing you would not do to oblige me: I therefore do not find much difficulty in telling you, I am willing to be yours, if you will perform one thing which I shall request of you."

"Tell me, immaculate angel," cried our son of gunpowder; "tell me what it is: though, before you speak, be certain it is already done."

"Captain," replied the fair one, "I shall enjoin nothing impossible. The thing I desire, you can do with the utmost ease. It will not cost you five minutes' trouble. Yet, were it not for your so positive assurances, I should, from what I have observed, almost doubt of your compliance?"

"Ah, madam!" returned he, "wrong not your slave thus: deem it impossible, that he who eats happiness, and drinks immortal life from the light of your eyes, can ever demur the thousandth part of a semi-second to execute your behests. Speak! say! What, what must I perform?"

"Nay, for that matter, 'tis a mere trifle:—only to cut off your whiskers, captain; that's all."



"Madam!—(Be so kind, reader, as to imagine the captain's utter astonishment) My whiskers! Cut off my whiskers! Excuse me. Cut off my whiskers! Madam! Any thing else; any thing that mind can, or cannot imagine, or tongue describe. But, for my whiskers, you must grant me a salvo there."

"And why so, good captain? Surely any gentleman who had but the tythe of the passion you express, would not stand upon such a trifle?"

"A trifle, madam! My whiskers a trifle! No, madam, no; my whiskers are no trifle. Had I but a single regiment of fellows whiskered, and like me, I myself would be the grand Turk of Constantinople. My whiskers, madam, are the last thing I should have supposed you would have wished me to sacrifice. There is not a woman, married or single, maid, wife, or widow, that does not admire my whiskers."

"May be so, sir: but if you marry me, you must cut them off."

"And is there no other way? Must I never hope to be happy with you, unless I part with my whiskers?"

"Never."

"Why then, madam, farewell: I would not part with a single hair of my whiskers, if Catherine the czarina, empress of all the Russias, would make me king of the Calmucs: and so good morning to you."

Had all the young ladies, in like circumstances, equal penetration, they might generally rid themselves, with equal ease, of the interested and unprincipled coxcombs by whom they are pestered: they all have their whiskers; and seek for fortunes, to be able to cultivate, not cut them off.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### THE REFLECTOR.

NO. XX.

I HAVE sat down to write a "Reflector." For more than an  
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hour has my pen been in my hand, my ink and paper before me, but no subject occurs. I have been endeavouring to collect my thoughts in vain; I cannot find a sufficiency for a single passage; they wander from one subject to another like those light bodies that float on the surface of the deep to and fro, beaten this way by one wave and that by another, unable to remain stationary long enough to fix themselves to any point of rest. Such is the state of my mind, and it is one certainly very unfavourable to my present purpose.

Yet this very dearth of ideas, or of confusion in their arrangement, has, by acting upon itself, given rise to some reflections on the causes in which they may originate. The mind of the writer should, like that of the philosopher, be able to lay aside the cares of life, and apply itself to the subject of its speculations, to pursue the direction to which his speculations may lead him in a strait line, without deviation; it is thus only that the subject will be made to unfold itself, and stand exposed to view in all the colours which nature or fancy may bestow upon it. When I went to school, I frequently returned a borrowed penknife, pencil, &c., to my teacher, with this boyish injunction, "mind, sir, I have brought it back." "Do you mind it," he would reply, "I have other things to attend to; the mind which must torture itself for means to supply a large family with bread cannot attend to trifles." And is it thus; does he who has many cares resting on his mind feel less sensibly the respective weight of each, and is he capable of supporting them collectively with as little suffering as he who has but one? has nature kindly restricted and humbled the pride of prosperity, and diminished the arrogance of power, by an equal distribution of the cares of life, in weight if not in number? has she given the lonely, the afflicted children of adversity the consolation of the assurance that they bear no more than

their share of wretchedness which has been laid on the whole human race? does the monarch who sways the sceptre of dominion over obedient millions enjoy his power with no less anxiety and care than the lowest of his subjects? If it is so, then men are indeed equal, and the old proverb, "every one has his trouble," is a true one. Then why all this contention about power, dominion, and pre-eminence, about glory, wealth, and fame, if, by possessing all these things, we only change our condition by giving one cause of care for another; if our enjoyments are not increased, nor our sorrows diminished?

There are few persons who do not at times feel a certain restlessness, a sort of confusion in the operations of the mind, which disables them from fixing their attention to a single point; though they may continually attempt to force their thoughts to flow in a certain channel, the endeavour seems to be as vain as it would be to try to make a stream of water rise above the head of the fountain which supplies it. This seldom happens, except when some cause of care is predominant; that cause wholly possesses the mind, and oppresses it; all other thoughts, if they strike the attention, glance off from it like water from an oily substance, and the very exertion we may make to lay aside the predominating care is painful. Here we can trace a considerable resemblance between the human mind and the members of the body: the hand once filled can contain no more; thus it is with the mind: there are some considerations which so completely fill it, that it can contain nothing else. Thus the lover's waking thoughts and nightly dreams are of his mistress; if he speaks, it is of her, or should he be drawn from the subject, he soon returns to it; grief produces the same effects, and, indeed, all those passions and emotions which are capable of being excited to intensity. To this rule I think there are not many exceptions. Cæsar,

if I mistake not, boasts of dictating to several secretaries at one and the same time, but the limits of human power enables the greater part of mankind to do but one thing at a time, wherever the power necessary to be exerted is placed in the same member of the body, or the same faculty of the mind.

The pursuit of this vagrant and irregular train of thoughts has brought me nearly to the end of my paper, and to the end of my reasoning at present, without drawing an unerring inference. I have merely thrown together a few detached hints, which may be useful to another who chuses to pursue the same course of speculation. Yet, to account in some measure for this irregularity, it becomes me to mention, that I have just returned from the funeral of a much regretted friend\*, and the recollection of his good qualities, and my deep sense of his loss, has produced that restlessness and that confusion which is so evident in this paper.

VALVERDI.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

LITERARY, PHILOSOPHICAL, COMMERCIAL, AND AGRICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.

THERE will soon be published in Philadelphia a new and interesting work, entitled "the Columbiad, a poem, in ten books, by Joel Barlow." This work will be ornamented with twelve engravings, which have been done in England by the most eminent artists, and at great expence. They are in the first style of elegance. The typographical part, wholly American, is executed in a manner highly creditable to the several artists employed. The paper by Amies, the type by Binny and Ronaldson, and the printing, with consummate taste and care, by Fry and Kammerer; it will be published

\* This paper was written nearly two years since.



by C. and A. Conrad and Co., in one volume, quarto. A work like this, on a great national subject, must excite a high degree of interest. In the present instance, we are confident that the public expectation will not be disappointed; and while the Columbiad will be cited as a monument of American genius, the publishers are determined that this edition shall do equal honour to our arts.

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B. and T. Kite have in the press, and will publish early in November, Chaptal's Chemistry, with improvements and additions by James Woodhouse, M. D., professor of chemistry in the university of Pennsylvania, in two volumes, octavo. They have also in the press, a letter on the Inoculation of the Vaccina; practised in Sicily, by doctor Francesco Calcagni, translated from the Italian, by Edward Cutbush, M. D.—A sketch of the character, and an account of the last illness of the Rev. John Cowper, A. M. written by his brother, the late William Cowper, Esq., of the Inner Temple. They have likewise issued proposals for publishing Elements of Natural Philosophy; explaining the laws and principles of attraction, gravitation, mechanics, pneumatics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, electricity, and optics; with a general view of the solar system, adapted to public and private instruction, by John Webster, with notes and corrections, by Robert Patterson, professor of mathematics in the university of Pennsylvania.

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Samuel F. Bradford will shortly publish a new and interesting work, entitled, A Portraiture of Methodism, being an impartial view of the rise, progress, doctrine, discipline, and manners, of the Wesleyan methodists, by Joseph Nightingale.

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A very interesting work, received by the last arrivals from London,

entitled, "The Last Year of the Reign and Life of Louis XVI, by Francis Hue, one of the officers of the king's chamber, named by that monarch, after the 10th of August, 1792, to the honour of continuing with him and the royal family, translated from the French, by R. E. Dallas, Esquire," is putting to press by Mr. James Humphreys.

In addition to the above, Mr. Humphreys has put to press, and will speedily publish, "An account of the Life and Writings of that celebrated divine, Hugh Blair, one of the ministers of the high church, and professor of rhetoric and belles lettres, in the university of Edinburgh, by the late John Hill, LL. D., professor of humanity in the university, and fellow of the royal society of Edinburgh."

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Mr. Thomas Dobson has issued proposals for publishing, in one volume, octavo, The History of Baptism, by the Rev. R. Robinson, of Cambridge, England, abridged by the Rev. Samuel Jones, D. D.

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By late accounts from London we are informed, that an interesting compilation is preparing for the press, a transcript of which the author, an unwearied advocate in the cause of humanity, intends to transmit here for publication, by an early opportunity. It is to be entitled The History of the Rise, Progress, and Accomplishment of that Great Event, the Abolition of the Slave Trade, by Thomas Clarkson, and will be comprised in two thick octavo volumes.

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The following new publications have appeared in the course of the last month:

A Tour through Holland, along the right and left banks of the Rhine to the south of Germany, in the summer and autumn of 1806. By sir John Carr, author of the Stranger in France, Northern Summer, Stranger in Ireland, &c.

The Life of George Washington, commander in chief of the armies of the United States of America throughout the war which established their independence, and first president of the United States, by David Ramsay, M. D., author of the History of the American Revolution.

Lectures on the Catechism, on Confirmation and the Liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church, delivered to the students of that denomination, in the Philadelphia academy, to which is prefixed the Catechism, an appendix, and occasional prayers, with an address to parents, sponsors, and guardians. Published for the use of that institution, by James Abercrombie, D. D., one of the assistant ministers of Christ church and St. Peter's, and director of the academy.

Vols. 1st and 2d of the Life of Samuel Johnson, LL. D. Comprehending an account of his studies and numerous works, in chronological order; a series of his Epistolary Correspondence and Conversations with many eminent persons; and various original pieces of his composition, never before published. The whole exhibiting a view of literature and literary men in Great Britain, for near half a century, during which he flourished, by James Boswell, Esq.

A new pamphlet has made its appearance in Kentucky, entitled "A View of the President's Conduct concerning the Conspiracy of 1806. By Joseph Hamilton Daviess, late attorney of the United States of Kentucky."

We hear with pleasure that Marshall's Life of Washington has been introduced into several schools in this city, and is taught as a book of elementary instruction. We wish that the example may be followed, and the practice rendered general. The information contained in these volumes cannot be too early instilled into the minds of our

youth, or too deeply impressed upon their memories.

The emperor of Russia has presented to Peter Dobell, Esq. of Philadelphia, now resident in Canton, a diamond ring of considerable value, as a testimonial of his esteem for services rendered by that gentleman to a Russian circumnavigator, who had put into the port of Canton. The ring is in the possession of a gentleman of this city.

A medal has lately been struck, in this city, upon the retirement of Washington. It was engraved by Reich, upon the designs of a person of taste; the head from a drawing of Stuart's, sketched on purpose.

A diploma has been granted to George Washington Park Custis, Esq., of Virginia, by the agricultural society of Boston, for the improvements he has effected in the breed of sheep. Of the samples of wool he presented, the weight of each fleece averaged 4lb, and is sheared twice a year.

Late donations and additions to the Philadelphia Museum:

A large seal, called elephant seal, 12 feet 6 inches long; together with leopard and beaver seals, pinguins, &c., presented by captain Ferris.

An East Indian pipe or hubble-bubble, moorish slippers, elegant bracelets, &c., presented by Mr. Samuel Parrish.

Specimens of penmanship written for the museum; one of them exhibits the Lord's prayer, written in one line  $2\frac{1}{4}$  inches long, and again in a circle the size of one-sixth of a dime, written and presented by Mr. Samuel Lewis.

Nutmegs with the mace round them, pinguins, &c., presented by captain J. W. Cox.

A collection of East Indian insects, presented by Mr. Cunningham.

A buck's horn, dug out of a well in Richmond, Virginia, at the depth



of 96 feet, presented by John Moys, Esq. Richmond.

A drawing of flowers, executed by miss Sarah Rogers, of New York, who from her birth has not had the use of her hands, holding the pencil, pen, brush, or scissors, in her mouth, presented by William Hamilton, Esq., Woodlands.

Handsomely cut papers and needle work, by miss Ann M. Honeywell, of New York, who was born without hands; she holds the paper or work in her toes, and the scissors or needle in her mouth, occasionally clearing the thread, &c., with the stump of her arm; likewise her shoes, which exactly resemble the diminutive shoes of the Chinese ladies, presented by herself.

New patent washing machine, invented by S. Willard, jun., New York.

A collection of mosses and coralines, presented by Mrs. Martha Moore.

Another collection of ditto, together with chrystals, &c., from Bath, presented by Mrs. Dilwin.

Fossils, chiefly corals, formed on the falls of the Ohio, and in a cave in the Great Barren, presented by Mr. Bickham.

Arabic coins, found in the ruins of the ancient city of Carieta, near Gibraltar, presented by Mr. Daniel Smith, Burlington.

Impression of the medal to commodore Preble, presented by Mr. George Armitage.

Seven Brazilian coins, from 1719 to 1806, presented by Mr. Willet.

Chinese wooden bellows, a dagger, and other curiosities from Owyhee and Java, presented by Mr. Charles Graff.

Specimens of Irish turf, Dutch turf, and a loadstone from Schuyler's mountain, presented by Mr. Talbot Hamilton.

An ancient copper coin, dug from among the ruins of a triumphal arch in Tripoli, presented by Mr. Henry Denison.

Specimens of Prussian Blue, manufactured in Philadelphia, and presented by Mr. Caldcleugh.

Snuff-box made of the lava of Mount Vesuvius, and an Indian stone tobacco pipe, representing a grotesque Indian.

Animal Biography, 3 vols., octavo.

Introduction to the Ornithology of the United States, by Alexander Wilson.

Spallanzani's Travels, 4 vols., octavo.

Abbe Lazzaro's Travels.

Black's Lectures on Chemistry, 3 vols., 8vo.

O'Gallaghan's First Principles of Nature, 2 vols., 8vo.

Zoonomia, or the Laws of Organic Life, by Dr. Darwin, 2 vols., 8vo.

Trotter's Essay on Drunkenness, octavo.

Letters from the East, 2 vols., 8vo. presented by judge Goldsborough, Maryland.

Melshiemer's Catalogue of Pennsylvania Insects, part first.

French and Flemish Dictionary, printed at Rotterdam, in 1589, presented by Mr. Samuel Lewis.

Barton's Medical and Physical Journal, 2 vols., 8vo.

Farmer's Letters, 8vo., presented by Mr. James Ross.

Three jaw teeth of the Asiatic elephants, presented Mr. Nicholas Burns.

The 61st air voyage of the famous Mr. Blanchard, being the 11th of his lady, was performed the 3d of August, near Rotterdam. Though every prospect appeared very favourable for the intended voyage, yet it was disturbed by an unfortunate accident. A quarter after 6 o'clock, the beginning was made with filling the montgolliere, and before half past 7 o'clock the balloon was perfectly ready, and left the ground; but unfortunately took hold by an iron wire, on which it before had been fastened, loosened itself violently, and received a large rift, which occasioned the flying off of the balloon against a large tree, and thereby got an opening. Nevertheless the voyage would have been

crowned with success had not the balloon in rising into the air been encountered by a whirlwind, which brought the gallery into disorder, and enlarged the opening.

This ever before fortunate air traveller now fell out of the balloon, first upon the top of a house, and from thence on the ground, by which he received a large contusion on his head, but is, however, in a state of recovery.

It appeared madame Blanchard would have escaped better, by falling first on some trees, but her agitation on seeing the descension of her husband, made such an impression upon her organs of speech, that she is now in a kind of dumb and lifeless state.

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There are in Great Britain, including the army, navy, &c., inhabitants	10,979,080
Of which under 15	3,559,796
From 15 to 20	6,744,847
Volunteers of the united kingdom	700,000
Militia of Great Britain	70,388
Persons employed in England in agriculture	1,524,227
———— in trade and manufactures	1,770,332
In England there are acres	34,874,000
In Scotland	19,365,340
In Wales	2,370,000

There are in England, scarcely four acres to each person, twelve acres to each person in Scotland, and nearly ten to every person in Wales, about five acres to each person in Great Britain: three acres well cultivated are supposed sufficient for each person.

The inhabitants of Ireland are	5,499,944
There die in Great Britain every year	332,708
Every month	23,582
———— week	6,398
———— day	914
———— hour	40
———— three minutes	2

Number of inhabitants in the thirteen largest cities and towns in

Great Britain, according to a census taken in 1801.

London, including Westminster and Southwark	864,825
Manchester	84,020
Edinburgh, including Leith	82,560
Liverpool	77,653
Glasgow	77,385
Birmingham	73,670
Bristol	68,645
Leeds	53,252
Plymouth	44,194
Sheffield	32,102
Paisley	31,179
Hull	29,156
Dundee	26,084

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The following is the amount of the British naval force up to the first of September: At sea 96 ships of the line, 10 from 50 to 44 guns, 134 frigates, 153 sloops, &c., and 199 gun brigs and other vessels. Total, 592. In port and fitting, guard ships, &c., 74 ships of the line, 8 from 50 to 44, 58 frigates, 42 sloops, &c., and 48 gun brigs and other vessels. Total, 178. Building, 34 ships of the line, 25 frigates, 25 sloops, &c., and 4 gun brigs and other vessels. Total, 88. In ordinary, 42 ships of the line, 12 from 50 to 44, 54 frigates, 44 sloops, &c., and 17 gun brigs and other vessels. Total, 268. Grand total, 1,026.

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From the registers of deaths in the Russian empire, during the year 1806, it appears that there died in that period one between 145 and 150 years of age, one between 130 and 135, four between 125 and 130, six between 120 and 125, thirty-two between 115 and 120, twenty-six between 110 and 116, eighty-six between 105 and 110, a hundred and thirty-seven between 100 and 105, and eleven hundred and thirty-four between 95 and 100.

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On Saturday some very valuable pictures were sold at Mr. Christie's rooms in Pall-mall, London, but that by which the collection was



eminently distinguished was the *woman taken in adultery*, the celebrated chef-d'œuvre of Rembrandt. There are some circumstances in the history of this picture which deserve to be stated. It was painted by Rembrandt for his patron the burgomaster Six, and occupied seven months of the artist's time. It remained in the burgomaster's family until last year, when his descendant, who was ruined by the revolution in Holland, found himself under the necessity of selling this last memorial of taste and munificence of his ancestor. The purchaser was obliged to use great precautions to prevent it from falling into the hands of those rapacious agents of Bonaparte, who are employed to plunder every country that has fallen under his power of its best works of art. The picture was secretly moved to a port on the Baltic, where it was shipped for England. Since it has been in Mr. Christie's rooms, sir Francis Baring offered 4000 guineas for it; but it was finally knocked down at 5000. As a painting, it has never been excelled. There is a kind of magic effect produced by its colour, after which we search in vain among the known principles and common practices of art. A magnificence, a splendour, and brilliancy are united with a delicacy, freshness, and transparency, which has never been rivalled, and whilst every thing that the pallet could supply has been tributary to the artist's hand, the whole has been so skilfully subdued, and kept down to its proper tone and just harmony, that nothing has been left predominant, or decided, or gaudy. By the most happy union and contrast, a regularity of effect has been diffused over the whole; and whilst the most powerful colours which belong to the Gula, and the Triumph, have been employed, the genius of the painter has enabled him, by opposition and contrast, to make the grand effect of his composition fall under that class which comprehends the sober, the solemn, and the sublime.

The following is a list of the principal pictures, and the prices at which they were knocked down.

	Guineas.
Sea Piece, Rembrandt,	470
Neptune's Grotto,	410
St. Jerome, L. Da Vinci,	540
Landscape, Evening, Claude,	1800
Le Montin Favorsi, Corregio,	800
Virgin and Child, Corregio,	3000
Woman taken in adultery, Rembrandt,	5000

Upwards of three hundred years ago, that important officer called the master of the ceremonies, who officiated for Julius II, ranked the powers of Europe in the following order:

- 1 The emperor of Germany,
- 2 King of the Romans,
- 3 France,
- 4 Spain,
- 5 Arragon,
- 6 Portugal,
- 7 England,
- 8 Sicily,
- 9 Scotland,
- 10 Hungary,
- 11 Navarre,
- 12 Cyprus,
- 13 Bohemia,
- 14 Holland,
- 15 Denmark,
- 16 Republic of Venice,
- 17 Duke of Brittany,
- 18 Duke of Burgundy,
- 19 Elector of Bavaria,
- 20 Elector of Brandenburg,
- 21 Elector of Saxony,
- 22 Archduke of Austria,
- 23 Duke of Savoy,
- 24 Grand duke of Florence.

Russia, Prussia, and Sweden do not appear in the catalogue: and the papal sovereign, who presided over the college princes, has now, in a manner, withdrawn from the political hemisphere.

On Monday, August 10, as some workmen were digging for the foundation of a house near the Mount, without Micklegate Bar, York, England, they broke into a vault about four

feet from the surface, built of stone, and arched over with Roman bricks, with a small door of entrance at the north end; the length of the vault was eight feet, the height six feet, and breadth five feet; in this was discovered a coffin of coarse rag-stone grit, covered with a flag of blue stone, about seven feet long, three feet two inches wide, four inches thick, and one foot nine inches deep, containing a human skeleton entire, with the teeth complete, supposed to be the remains of a Roman lady, and to have been deposited there from 1400 to 1700 years. Near the skull lay a small glass phial, or lachrymatory, with fragments of another phial, the inside of which appeared to have been silver. At a little distance from the vault, was also found an urn of a red colour, in which were deposited the ashes and bones, partly burnt, of a human body. It is supposed that the urn must have lain there near 2000 years, as the Romans discontinued the practice of burning their dead prior to that period.

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An extraordinary commotion was observed in the tide in Truro river, Scotland, on the morning of Saturday se'nnight; the sea had been ebbing about an hour and a half, when it suddenly recoiled with a very rapid current, and flowed about eighteen inches perpendicular at Truro quay, then ebbed off and re-flowed a second time. We have not heard whether the same effect was observed upon the coast; nor can we account for such phenomena, which have indeed been observed on former occasions, without being known to be accompanied by corresponding convulsions of the earth. But recollecting that at the time of the great earthquake which destroyed old Lisbon, a similar commotion was observed in the sea on the Cornish coast, it is viewed in the present case with some apprehensions.

—  
Master Betty, the British Roscius, has finally retired from the stage.

He is educating for the church by a respectable clergyman, who is to have 300*l.* a year for his tuition.

—  
There are now living at Chumleigh, a small town in the north of Devon, three women, whose united ages form a total of 277 years. Two of them bear the same name, but are not related to each other; the elder, Mary Collins, who completed her 93d year last December, succeeded her husband many years ago in the capacity of sexton of the parish, and, until within these few months, she diligently performed the duties of that office. No one was more methodical nor expeditious in the digging of a grave; and at this time, she regularly tolls the bell, and, during divine service, perambulates the church to keep idle boys under proper discipline; indeed the watchful eye of the old sexton is frequently made known to the congregation by the resounding lashes of her whip on the backs of the little culprits. Her stature is rather masculine, she walks perfectly upright, her chief food tea, and her strength so well preserved that she occasionally assists her daughter, who is a poor washer-woman, in that laborious employment.

—  
In cases of fire, the following is suggested to those who may be employed in its extinction: As heat and smoke ascend to the upper part of the room, a stream of pure air occupies the space near the floor, a person can crawl on his hands and knees, into a room full of smoke, and by keeping his face close to the floor, he may go and return where no one could walk upright. This method is practised by the London firemen, who have hence acquired the name of Salamanders.

—  
There is not an article of commerce that more strongly proves the rapid progress of the domestic



manufactures of the United States than shumach. Ten years ago shumach was exported from New London to a considerable extent; but its high freight, and its inferiority to the shumach from the Levant, depressed it so much in the English markets, that its manufacture at New London was discontinued. The Sicily shumach, either by climate, culture, or manipulation, is vastly superior to the shumach of the eastern states, the quantity of tanning principle it contains being in its favour in the proportion of four to one. It may, I believe, be purchased at Catania, Messina, or Palermo, at eight dollars per ton; and would amply reward the importer to the United States, as our own shumach, which is poor and becoming very scarce, now sells at forty-five dollars per ton.

We are informed that a patent has been granted in England to Mr. J. Brown, for an improvement on the printing press, by which nearly double the quantity of work performed by the usual mode of operation will be accomplished in the same time by half the number of hands, and half the usual labour. This press is of an entirely new construction, and the expedition and ease are acquired by the additional power given, and by means of a cylinder supplying the types with ink, by the motion of the machinery.

A respectable dyer in the west of England has discovered a process by which a most beautiful and fixed scarlet dye is extracted from the lac lake, obtained as a mucilage from the fruit of the *opuntia*, or scarlet pear, on which the cochineal insect feeds and receives all its beautiful and valuable dye; and it appears, that very little colour can be obtained from this article but by this process, which renders it fully equal, or superior, to cochineal, and will accordingly furnish a substitute of equal value.

neal, and will accordingly furnish a substitute of equal value.

The society of the sciences at Flushing have proposed a gold medal for the following question, to be answered within a year. "As the utility of pouring out oil and other fat substances, during storms at sea, is established by sufficient proofs: but as the objection that this method may be prejudicial to ships which follow, has not been sufficiently obviated, the society requires to know what is the physical principle of calming the waves by pouring out fat substances: and can the above objection be entirely done away by any explanation?" It is remarkable, that the same question was proposed last year, and no answer returned to it.

A vessel upon a new and curious construction has been projected by lord Stanhope, and will, in a few days undergo the inspection of several gentlemen, skilled in naval architecture. It some time since suggested itself to his lordship's intelligent mind, that the danger resulting from a ship's missing stays, as it is termed, might be obviated, and, in fact, that vessels might be navigated altogether without rudders affixed to the sterns, and in a better way than they are at present. His lordship set about the investigation, and has produced a vessel that will at all times answer the helm, and, while there is a plank standing, will be perfectly manageable at sea. It is by a sort of lee board affixed to the side of the ship, which his lordship terms gills, and which are so managed as to give the required direction. The vessel is also built without a keel, his lordship being of opinion that part of a ship prevents its velocity through the water, from the increased resistance it produced. There are many other alterations, but the principal are those of taking away the rudder and keel, hitherto con-

sidered most essential requisites in the construction of vessels.

Major-general Grant has announced the discovery of the longitude, by a mathematical instrument, which shows the rate of a ship sailing continually with the greatest accuracy. This instrument is connected with others, which point out the rate of the ship, her latitude and longitude, in direct or oblique sailing.

Some time ago, a woman passing through one of the streets of Bordeaux was suddenly attacked with a fit of epilepsy, having at the moment a child of six months old in her arms. Such a distressing situation speedily attracted a crowd of spectators, who were, however, unable to afford the sufferer any relief. At that moment, a young sailor breaking through the crowd, called for some grains of rough salt, which he forced into the woman's mouth. This immediately had the effect of restoring the woman's sensation and speech; and her convulsions were immediately stopped. The young sailor, who had been at Madagascar, said, that he there saw this remedy applied to persons attacked with epilepsy with astonishing success.

The leaves of the beech tree make remarkably sweet and wholesome beds and mattresses. In Denmark, Sweden, and Switzerland, persons of the first quality prefer them to any other. They retain the scent of new hay for six or seven years; and from their softness, and loose lying together, make a most delightful bed indeed. The ancients had not a more favourite tree than the beech, and for very good reasons: it furnished them with almost every thing their simple manners required.

"Hence in the world's first years, the humble shed  
Was happily and fully furnished;  
Beech made their chests, their bed,  
and homely stools,  
Beech made their board, their platters, and their bowls," &c.

To give any wood the polish of mahogany.—Plane the surface, and rub it with a solution of nitrous acid. Afterwards one ounce and a half of dragon's blood dissolved in a pint of carbonate of soda are to be well mixed together and filtered. The liquid, in this thin state, is to be placed on the wood with a soft brush. Repeat this process two or three times at intervals, and rub it when dry. The surface will resemble a mirror.

## POETRY.

### *For the Literary Magazine.*

TRANSLATION OF A CELEBRATED  
FRAGMENT BY SIMONIDES.

The following satire was the subject of a very interesting paper in the Spectator, and is there introduced by judicious and elegant observations.

"Simonides, a poet famous in his generation, is, I think, author of the

oldest satire that is now extant; and, as some say, of the first that was ever written. This poet flourished about four hundred years after the siege of Troy; and shows, by his way of writing, the simplicity, or rather coarseness, of the age in which he lived. I have taken notice, in a former speculation, that the rule of observing what the French call the *bienséance* in an allusion, has been found out of latter



years; and that the ancients, provided there was a likeness in their similitude, did not much trouble themselves about the decency of the comparison. The satire or iambics of Simonides, with which I shall entertain my readers in the present paper, are a remarkable instance of what I formerly advanced. The subject of this satire is woman. He describes the sex in their several characters, which he derives to them from a fanciful supposition raised upon the doctrine of pre-existence. He tells us, that the gods formed the souls of women out of those seeds and principles which compose several kinds of animals and elements; and that their good or bad dispositions arise in them according as such and such seeds and principles predominate in their constitutions."

These excellent remarks preclude the necessity of any further introduction. If I need any apology for presenting a translation of what is so avowedly contrary to *bienseance*, I hope it will be admitted that when Mr. Addison has discovered so much force and such felicity of expression as to deserve a literal version, there must be enough of poetical merit to justify an attempt to preserve the spirit, as well as the sense, of the original.

APART from man, to no one rule  
confin'd,  
Has changeful nature form'd the female mind.

*This* moulded from the *swine's* polluted breed,  
Slut in her house, and glutton in her feed,  
Unclean in person, negligent in dress,  
Wallows in self-created nastiness.

*That* from the essence of the *fox* was made:  
Discerning woman! to whose mind,  
display'd,  
The various forms of vice and virtue lie,  
Well mark'd by her all-penetrating eye;  
Who yet, as interest rules, or passion burns,  
Is wise, and good, and weak, and bad, by turns.

*One* from a prying *bitch* her race betrays,  
Eager to know and learn the hidden ways,  
Who throws about her keen enquiring eyes,  
And barks for ever, though she nothing spies.  
Threaten, you'll not the more her tongue restrain;  
Knock out her teeth with stones, you toil in vain:  
The milder arts of soft persuasion try,  
Yet, let her walk, or ride, or stand, or lie,  
Rings in your ears, by no remorse kept back,  
And still will ring th'ungovernable clack.

*This*, for her husband's everlasting bane,  
Born of the *earth*, the angry gods ordain.  
Nor good, nor ill, this senseless creature feels,  
Yet shows unequall'd judgment in her meals;  
And, when the sky descends in wintry snows,  
Creeps nearer to the fire to warm her toes.

Now bring the *sea*-bred creature to your mind.  
To day she smiles on all, to all is kind.  
And the pleas'd guest, delighted with her care,  
Thinks none more good, more affable, or fair.  
To-morrow, clouds that heav'nly form disgrace,  
Frowns clothe her forehead, passions dim her face;  
Strong, and more strong, her causeless fury glows,  
Alike awaken'd by her friends and foes.  
As, when the summer sun shines fair and free,  
To joyful sailors smiles the tranquil sea,  
But soon, when wint'ry clouds the sky deform,  
Swell to the thunders of the hideous storm.

One of the *ass* the patient image shows,

Who, not till urg'd by hunger, thirst,  
and blows,  
At length performs each several task  
assign'd,  
And ends each labour to the master's  
mind.  
Yet she, both day and night, by  
stealth is fed,  
Nor over-faithful to her husband's  
bed.

The *weazel* forms a sad and wretched  
race,  
With joyless eye, and beauty-lacking  
face,  
Who feel no passion, nor excite de-  
sire,  
Guiltless alike of Love and Fancy's  
fire,  
And every art but how to cheat a  
friend,  
Defraud the poor, and save a candle's  
end.

The *high-fed steed*, who proud, with  
flowing mane,  
Scorns the low labours of the dray  
and wain,  
Marks one class more, which nei-  
ther spin nor sew,  
Nor deign to cast one careful glance  
below ;  
Nor parent's care, nor wife's affection  
prove,  
Chain'd to the toilet by a stronger  
love.  
More pressing duties streams of fra-  
grance pour,  
Wreath the bright locks, and chase  
the matching flow'r,  
'Till she at last in all her lustre burst,  
The world's great idol, but—a wife  
accurst.

Deform'd alike in manner as in shape,  
Next come the hateful children of  
the *ape*;  
Where'er they walk, who raise a ge-  
neral shout,  
And fix, where'er they stop, the gaz-  
ing rout ;  
With narrow hips, thin chest, and  
dropsied waist,  
(Unhappy man, by such a wife em-  
brac'd !)  
Cunning and trick engage the dirty  
brood,  
Perpetual guile, and base ingratitude.

a.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

THE RING.

DEAR do I prize this little ring,  
Where braided is her silken hair,  
Whose beauty in a softer string  
Binds my poor heart a prisoner :

Dearer than aught the Atlantic deep  
Contains within her pearly caves,  
Or Peru's lofty mountains keep  
Conceal'd amid their golden graves.

What tho' the miser's painful hand  
These boundless stores of wealth  
should drain,  
Would these one single joy command,  
Or mitigate one moment's pain ?

To me the gift of plighted love,  
Endu'd with more than magic  
charm,  
A source of ceaseless joy will prove,  
And turn aside each threat'ning  
harm.

Near to my heart, till languid, cold,  
Life's purple stream runs weak and  
faint,  
It will I wear, as pilgrims hold  
The relics of some holy saint.

v.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

THE OLD BACHELOR'S PETITION.

" I wish I had been married thirty  
years ago ! O that a wife and half  
a score children would now start  
up around me, and bring along with  
them all that affection which we  
should have had for each other by  
being earlier acquainted !"

MRS. INCHBALD.

PITY the sorrows of a single life,  
And hear a lass-lorn bachelor com-  
plain ;  
Ye dove-ey'd damsels, listen to my  
tale,  
Your sympathy may mitigate my  
pain.

Tho' now the jest of every blooming  
nymph,  
The mark where points the finger  
of proud scorn,



I flutter'd once a fav'rite of the fair,  
As blithe as sky-lark in spring's purple morn.

Stranger to grief, with spirits debonair,  
At Pleasure's summons ready to advance,  
I join'd the sprightly group at mask or ball,  
And with fair partner wove the mazy dance.

Ah! halcyon seasons, pregnant with delight,  
Continue still to recollection dear!  
Black periods have succeeded those so bright,  
And gloomy moments big with anxious fear.

But why indulge the retrospective glance?  
Why brood o'er ills that cannot hope relief?  
My fate is just; nor can the soothing pipe  
Or quid luxuriant charm away my grief.

When tir'd of home, I seek the social club,  
Where Bacchus' sons debate midst clouds of smoke,  
I sit the sport of every married loon,  
The constant butt of every smutty joke.

My fierce cock'd hat, by Time's rude touch embrown'd,  
Affords rich matter for sarcastic glee;  
My dingy bob, and coat of antique cut,  
Provoke, full oft, the poignant repartee.

O could I backward roll the tide of Time,  
And bring of love and youth th' enchanting hours!  
Hymen should light for me his flaming torch,  
And Cupid o'er my pathway scatter flowers.

O that I had, at blooming twenty-four,

Led some fair damsel to the nuptial shrine!  
Then had my bosom felt domestic bliss,  
And all the sweets of wedded love been mine.

Blest state! the only paradise below,  
Thy blooming joys are all denied to me;  
O for a troop of rosy-visag'd boys,  
To gambol round, and climb their father's knee!

When grim Affliction shows her pallid front,  
O for some dear companion near my bed,  
To hover o'er, and ev'ry wish prevent,  
Or with kind arm to stay my drooping head!

But why despond? perhaps some antique maid,  
Like me displeased with her unsocial lot,  
Will leave her lap-dog and her feline friend,  
And come and cheer my solitary cot.

If she requir'd, I freely would renounce  
Unseemly habits, learn'd in days of yore;  
My wig and hat should both be discarded be,  
And my old thread-bare garments clothe the poor.

For her I'd banish ev'n my fav'rite pipe,  
And quid, foul cause of rank unsav'ry kiss;  
And, while she strove to honour and obey,  
My fond deportment would augment her bliss.

Ye feminines, come sympathize with me,  
Pity the woes a bachelor endures;  
Then may the God of Marriage on you smile,  
And each bright blessing Love bestows be yours.

J. W.

September 10.

## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

## MARRIED,

AT PHILADELPHIA, September 26, by the Rev. Philip F. Mayer, Mr. Michael Lentz, to Miss Sarah Davis.

On Thursday evening, October 1, by the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, Mr. John R. Shubert, to Miss Maria E. Richards, both of Philadelphia.

On Thursday evening, October 8, by the Rev. Philip F. Mayer, Mr. Samuel Barnet, to Miss Catherine M'Kean.

Same evening, by the same, Mr. Casper Goodman, to Miss Martha Smith.

Same evening, by the same, Mr. George Green, to Mrs. Margaret Stiller.

Same day, by the Rev. Dr. Staughton, Mr. Richard Engle, of Germantown, to Miss Thirza Keyser, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Keyser, formerly of Philadelphia.

On Saturday evening, October 10, by the Rev. Philip F. Mayer, Mr. Jacob Welsh, merchant, of Baltimore, to Miss Sarah Eckfeldt, daughter of Mr. Jacob Eckfeldt, of Philadelphia.

On Sunday evening, October 11, by the Rev. Mr. Turner, Mr. Jacob Wagner, to Miss Ann Schell, both of the Northern Liberties.

October 14, by the Rev. Dr. Pilmore, Mr. John Parham, to Miss Catherine Skerrett, daughter of the late Joseph Skerrett, both of Philadelphia.

On Thursday evening, October 15, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. Emmor Worthington, to Miss Sarah White, both of Chester county, Pennsylvania.

On Friday evening, October 23, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. Aaron Hoiles, to Miss Martha Venable, both of Evesham, Burlington county, New Jersey.

On the 29th of October, by the Rev. John Walker, Mr. Joseph Chew, to Miss Priscilla Duel, both of New Jersey.

On Saturday evening, October 31, by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Pilmore, Mr. Thomas L. Servoss, merchant, to Miss Eliza Courtney, daughter of Mrs. Sarah Henderson, all of Philadelphia.

Same day, by the Rev. Mr. Philip F. Mayer, captain William Sidney Smith, of Philadelphia, to Miss Maria Christianna Steinhauer, daughter of Mr. George W. Steinhauer, of the Northern Liberties.

On Sunday evening, November 1, by the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, Mr. Edward Pennell, of Brandywine, state of Delaware, to Miss Deborah Jones, only daughter of Mr. Isaac Jones, of Philadelphia.

On Wednesday, September 14, at Friends' meeting-house, Falsington, Mr. Jeremiah Cumfort, of Middleton, Bucks county, to Mrs. Sarah Cooper, of Falsington, in the same county.

At Friends' meeting, Burlington, October 8, Thomas Tucker, of New-York, to Ann Sykes, of the former place.

At Friends' meeting, Moorestown, October 22, Isaac Bunting, to Mary Winn.

Near Mount-Holly, October 15, by William H. Burr, Esq., captain Samuel Whitall, of Gloucester county, to Miss Lydia Newbold, daughter of Daniel Newbold, Esq., of Burlington county.

At Princeton, on Thursday, October 15, by the Rev. Dr. Samuel S. Smith, Mr. Eli F. Cooley, to the amiable Miss Hannah Scuder, both of that place.

At Trenton, N. J., October 31, by the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Robert W. Graham, of Philadelphia, to Miss Mary Applegate, daughter of Mr. George Applegate, of Bordentown.

In Paris, the famous Arthur O'Connor, of Ireland, to Mademoiselle Condorcet, daughter of the no less famous marquis Condorcet, of revolutionary memory. Mr. O'Connor, the papers assert, first *aspired* to a union with a distant relation of the emperor Napoleon, an innkeeper's daughter in Ajaccio, Corsica, but she refused to receive his addresses.

Lately, at Ellesmere, in England, Mr. John Hughes, an old bachelor of 85 years of age, who had been bellman of the same place for upwards of 60 years, to Mrs. Anna Dulson, of the



same place, a widow, aged 82. The groom's man was 78, the bride's maid 75; making a total of 320 years. The novelty of the scene brought together a vast concourse of people; the church yard was crowded while the ceremony was performed, and the happy couple were met at the church door by three violin players, playing, "Come haste to the Wedding." The whole concluded with a ball at night, which was opened by the bride and bride's maid.

## DIED,

At PHILADELPHIA, September 29, Mr. John Keble, of Philadelphia, in the 64th year of his age, a native of England.

On Wednesday morning, September 23, Mrs. Mary Biggs, the consort of Thomas Biggs, mathematical instrument maker.

October 19, Mr. Hezekiah Williams, in the 91st year of his age, born in New Jersey, and 60 years a resident in Philadelphia.

On Tuesday morning, October 20, captain W. Watkin, aged 64 years.

Lately, at Baltimore, where he then was in the exercise of his Christian ministry, John Parrish, of Philadelphia; one of the oldest ministers of the society of Friends, in that city. The natural talents of this good and faithful servant scarcely exceeded mediocrity; and his gift in the ministry was brief, and unadorned: yet was he an indefatigable labourer in the vineyard of that great and good husbandman, who distributeth to all his household the penny of reward. The peculiar portion of the word of reconciliation, that had been committed unto him, was to *open his mouth for the dumb, in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction.*—PROVERBS XXXI, 8.

He succeeded the late Anthony Benezet, in that memorable series of advocates for the oppressed, which it hath pleased the Universal Father to raise up, among the philanthropists of Philadelphia, to plead the cause of the African race. And such was his regard for our native Indians, and such had been his labours among them, that he was habitually denominated, among his brethren, *the Indian*

*apostle.* Having lived to see the pious exercise on behalf of the blacks crowned, at length, with the voluntary abolition of the slave trade, and the late attempts for the civilization of the Indians blessed with an unlooked-for degree of success, he could exclaim, with good old Simeon, *the man just and devout, who had long waited for the consolation of Israel:* "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

At Washington village, near Charleston, September 1, Charlotte, daughter of Mr. William R. Payne, aged 21 months; and on Tuesday, September 22, in the 24th year of her age, of a nervous fever, Mrs. Jane Payne, wife of Mr. William R. Payne.

At CHARLESTON, same day, in the 25th year of her age, Mrs. Catharine Douglass, a native of Greenock, Scotland.

September 24, after an illness of four days, Mr. Jacob Corre, a native of Amsterdam,

Same day, master James P. Coy, in the 15th year of his age, a youth of promising talents, and a native of Providence, Rhode Island.

September 9, Mr. J. B. Daquet, one of the first performers on the violin in South Carolina.

September 2, in St. James, Santee, Mrs. Mary Steed Michaw, consort of captain Abraham Michaw.

September 25, Mr. Samuel Denny, aged 22 years, a native of Middletown (C.).

September 23, Mr. Hugh Duncan, aged 19 years, recently from New York, a native of Glasgow.

September 18, Mrs. Mary Snell, consort of Adam Snell, Esq., of St. Mathew's parish, Orangeburgh district, in the 47th year of her age.

September 28, Mr. William Carver, aged 73 years, a native of England.

In Prince William's parish, on the 27th September, Mr. Charles Love, in the 20th year of his age.

September 25, John Ladson Freazer Bee, nine years and four months old.

September 26, Mr. Philip Millar, a native of Pennsylvania, and for some years past a respectable inhabitant of Charleston.

September 26, Mr. John Comly, aged 28 years, a native of Philadelphia, and mate of the sloop Friendship, George Binder, master.

*Beaufort (S. C.), September 16.*

Departed this life, on Monday afternoon, Mr Arthur Smith; and on Tuesday morning, Mr. Thomas Hutson; and yesterday the remains of these young gentlemen were deposited in the tomb. On Monday morning, they arose in all the vigour of youth and health; in a few hours both were bleeding on the field of honour. A challenge had been given and accepted; a duel was fought; and both were mortally wounded. Such, Honour, are thy triumphs! Come hither, duellist, and regale thy senses! See two young men, the joy of their parents, levelling the deadly tube at each other: they fire; they fall. See them groaning on a death-bed; and now they breathe their last. Hear the distracted outcries of a fond and doating parent; the heart-piercing lamentations of affectionate sisters, and the more silent, though equally deep grief of loving brothers: are these pleasing to thy eyes, or music to thy ears? Yet these, oh duellists, are the fruits of Honour, so called. Oh thou idol, who delightest in human sacrifice: who snuffest up blood as sweet-smelling incense; when will thy reign cease? O you votaries of this Moloch, ye abettors of murder and bloodshed! remember that the day will assuredly come, when you will know whether you are to frame your actions by the laws of honour or the laws of God.

At Savannah, on Saturday, September 19, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, the honourable Edward Telfair, Esq., one of the justices of the inferior court in Georgia. He arrived in America in his youth, from Scotland, his native country, and was engaged in merchandize until the dispute which brought about the American revolution. On this occasion, he took the side of freedom, and supported America through the contest with all the energy of his talents. His intelligence, zeal, and inflexible integrity were so perfectly understood, and so highly valued, that the people of Georgia repeatedly elected him to serve them in congress, during the

revolutionary war, and since that period. He has frequently served as governor of that state; and upon all occasions demanding the exertion of talents, patriotism, zeal, and integrity, has been looked up to as a leading character.

On Friday, October 9, at Burlington, New Jersey, Mr. Robert Coc, sen., formerly of Philadelphia.

On Thursday, October 22, at Elizabethtown, in the 71st year of his age, gen. Elias Dayton, late president of the society of Cincinnati of the state of New Jersey.

On the 15th October, at Newport, state of Delaware, in the 88th year of his age, James Latimer, Esq.

At New York, in the 24th year of his age, Charles Fenno, Esq., lieutenant in the navy of his Britannic majesty.

In the county of Gloucester, October 13, Benjamin Matlack, aged 85.

At Adams, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, on the 10th September, Mr John Peters, aged 107 years. He had enjoyed an uncommon share of health, strength, and activity, and was in possession of all his faculties entire until the very moment that terminated his existence.

At Schenectady, (N. J.) Mrs. Elizabeth Cowans, in the 14th year of her age. In her we have an instance of a person not more remarkable for longevity, than for the retention of her faculties. She read without spectacles until her death, and but two years ago she entered the field, and mowed grass with a scythe.

At Carlisle, Pennsylvania, on Wednesday the 30th of September, Mr. Hugh Boden, supposed to be about 84 years of age.

At Nassau, (N. P.) on Thursday September 27, in the 26th year of his age, Mr. Christopher H. Gilfert, a native of Hesse Cassell, but for these eight years past a resident in the United States of America.

In Burlington, Connecticut, Mrs. Elizabeth Hitchcock, aged 103, a pious good old lady; she left ten living children, the youngest in her 59th year.

In Adams, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, Mr. J. Peters, aged 107: he had enjoyed an uncommon share of health, strength, and activity, and was



in possession of all his faculties entire until the very moment of his decease.

At Marietta, Ohio, captain Nathaniel Saltonstall, late of New London, Connecticut, in the 80th year of his age; a firm friend to his country, and an old revolutionary officer.

At Charlestown, Richard Devens, Esq., 86.

At Ipswich, widow Hannah Shatswell, 76.

At Epsom, N. H., major Joseph Sherburne, 62.

At Danvers, Mr. Stephen Proctock, 82. Also, the widow Cross, his sister, aged 79.

At New London, captain Elisha Hinman, 74. This venerable gentleman was one of the ablest marine officers who shone in the struggle for our independence.

At Norfolk, on Friday, October 2, Mr. James Burns, late of Philadelphia.

In Knoxville, Kentucky, last month, Doublehead, one of the chiefs of the Cherokee tribe of Indians; shot through the head by a party of Indians. Circumstances fixed suspicion on a conspicuous settler in the nation, as the contriver of his death.

At Haverhill, in Massachusetts, Mr. John Kendrick, aged 43. Mr. Kendrick was an eminent ship-builder in that town, and on Saturday morning intended launching a vessel he was then building. On Friday evening, the owner with his lady went on board for the purpose of viewing her; when Mr. Kendrick was conducting them to different parts of the vessel, his foot struck against the coming, and he fell into the hold, and by the fall fractured his skull, which occasioned his death in 32 hours. He has left a wife and 7 children to mourn his fate.

In Newbury, Massachusetts, on Saturday morning, September 12, Mrs. Lydia Smith, in the 91st year of her age.

At Thompson, Connecticut, in the 87th year of his age, Simon Larned, Esq., venerable from age, but much more so for his unaffected piety and truly christian deportment in every station, whether as a civil officer, a christian, a husband, or a parent. His exit bore a striking resemblance to that calm serenity which so strongly characterized his whole life. He re-

tired to bed in apparent health, and was found dead the next morning.

At Newburyport, the noted Timothy Dexter, in the 60th year of his age; self-styled "lord Dexter, first in the east." He lived, perhaps, one of the most eccentric men of his time. His singularities and peculiar notions were universally proverbial. Born and bred to a low condition in life, and his intellectual endowments not being of the most exalted stamp, it is no wonder that a splendid fortune, which he acquired (though perhaps honestly) by dint of speculation and good fortune, should have rendered him, in many respects, truly ridiculous. The qualities of his mind were of that indefinite cast, which forms an exception to every other character recorded in history, or known in the present age, and "none but himself could be his parallel." But among the motley groupe of his qualities, it would be injustice to say he possessed no good ones: he certainly did. No one will impeach his honesty, and his numerous acts of liberality, both public and private, are in the recollection of all, and one of the items in his last will will always be gratefully remembered. His ruling passion appeared to be popularity; and one would suppose he rather chose to render his name "infamously famous than not famous at all."—His writings stand as a monument of the truth of this remark; for those who have read his "*Pickle for the Knowing Ones*," a jumble of letters promiscuously thrown together, find it difficult to determine whether most to laugh at the consummate folly, or despise the vulgarity and profanity of the writer. His manner of life was equally extravagant and singular. A few years since he erected in front of his house a great number of images of distinguished persons in Europe and America, together with beasts, &c.; so that his seat exhibited more the appearance of a museum of artificial curiosities, than the dwelling of a family. By his orders, a tomb was several years since dug, under the summer-house in his garden, where he desired his remains might be deposited (but this singular request could not consistently be complied with), and his coffin made and kept in the hall of his house, in which

he is to be buried. The fortunate and singular manner of his speculations, by which he became possessed of a handsome property, are well known; and his sending a cargo of warming-pans to the West Indies, where they were converted into molasses-ladles, and sold to good profit, is but one of the most peculiar. His principles of religion (if they could be called principles) were equally odd; a blind philosophy, peculiar to himself, led him to believe in the system of transmigration at some times; at others he expressed those closely connected with deism; but it is not a matter of surprise that one so totally illiterate should have no settled or rational principles. His reason left him two days before his death.

At Salem, Massachusetts, Mr. Jack Daland, a very worthy black man, aged 65. He was brought from Africa to the West Indies at about 11 years of age; but, instead of being eaten, as he expected, by the white men, he was transferred by purchase to a happy asylum in this place, where he has spent upwards of 50 years of his life, respected by the whole town, as a faithful, industrious, pleasant-tempered, intelligent man. His honest industry was rewarded by the acquisition of a comfortable property, which he has left for the enjoyment of his family. The long train of white people who followed his remains to the grave testify to the esteem in which he was held.

In England, the right honourable Thomas lord Batton, lord lieutenant of Southampton, and governor and vice-admiral of the Isle of Wight, aged 61.

In London, Mr. John Walker, author of the Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language, aged 76. He had been honoured with the patronage and friendship of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Edmund Burke, and many other of the most distinguished literary and professional characters of the age.

In Germany, the archduke Joseph Francis Leopold, second son of the Emperor of Austria, aged 3 years.

*"Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble."*

The following account of deaths and other losses in the family of captain

David Smith, of Portland, is a striking proof of the truth of the above quotation: in the year 1738, his son, Moses Smith, died at the West-Indies, aged 22; in 1789, his daughter, Mary Smith, died at Portland, aged 19; in 1797 and 98, he lost one ship, one schooner, and part of a brig, with all the trading stock he then possessed; October 15, 1803, his son, Godfrey Smith, died on his passage from Liverpool to Portland, aged 20; February 14, 1804, his son, David, died at Jamaica, aged 30; at the same time and place, the schr. Friendship was wrecked, being all the vessel he then had at sea; March 13, 1804, his son, Lendal Smith, died at Portland, aged 32; July 10, 1805, his store took fire, and was consumed with the property that was in it, valued at 3000 dollars; August 11, 1805, his wife died, aged 58; at the same time, his daughter, Ruthy Boyd, died, aged 56; October 15, 1806, his daughter, Hannah Day, died, aged 50; September 29, 1807, his daughter, Dolly Taylor, died, aged 25. Within the above nineteen years, he has also experienced a variety of other smaller losses. How fading, how transient is human felicity! Happy is the man whose treasure is in Heaven!

#### *For the Literary Magazine.*

#### WEEKLY REGISTER OF MORTALITY IN THE CITIES OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, AND BALTIMORE.

*Health-office, Oct. 3, 1807.*

*Interments, in the city and liberties of Philadelphia, in the week ending the 3d of October.*

<i>Diseases.</i>	<i>Ad. Childr.</i>	
Apoplexy,	1	0
Cholera morbus,	0	2
Consumption of the lungs,	3	1
Convulsions,	0	1
Decay,	1	0
Diarrhæa,	0	2
Dropsy,	1	0
Dropsy in the brain,	0	1
Fever,	1	2
—, remittent or bilious,	2	1
—, typhus,	2	0



1807.]

## Weekly Register of Mortality.

22.

Hernia,	1	0
Inflammation of bowels,	0	1
Influenza,	1	0
Insanity,	1	0
Old age,	1	0
Rheumatism,	1	0
Small-pox, natural,	0	3
Still-born,	0	5
Teething,	0	1
Tumours,	1	0
Worms,	0	2
Unknown,	0	1

Total, 17 23—40

Of the above there were:

Under 2 years 15

From 2 to 5 4

5 10 2

10 15 1

15 20 2

20 30 2

30 40 4

40 50 2

50 60 2

60 70 2

70 80 0

80 90 1

Ages unknown, 3

Total, 40

Oct. 10.

Diseases.		Ad.	Childr.
Apoplexy,	1	0	
Burns,	0	1	
Casualties,	0	1	
Cholera morbus,	0	1	
Consumption of the lungs,	4	0	
Convulsions,	0	2	
Decay,	1	0	
Diarrhœa,	2	0	
Dislocations,	1	0	
Dropsy,	2	0	
Drowned,	2	0	
Dysentery,	0	1	
Eruptions,	0	1	
Fever, bilious,	1	0	
—, typhus,	2	0	
Hives,	0	1	
Hernia,	1	0	
Inflammation of the lungs,	1	0	
— bladder,	1	0	
Influenza,	1	1	
Insanity,	1	0	
Jaundice,	1	0	
Palsy,	1	0	
Still-born,	0	3	
Suicide,	1	0	
Teething,	0	1	
Unknown,	1	0	

Total, 25 13—38

Of the above there were:

Under 2 years 11

From 2 to 5 1

5 10 1

10 20 1

20 30 1

30 40 4

40 50 6

50 60 3

60 70 2

70 80 2

Ages unknown, 6

Total, 38

Oct. 17.

Diseases.		Ad.	Childr.
Apoplexy	1	0	
Childbed,	1	0	
Cholera morbus,	1	1	
Consumption of the lungs,	8	0	
Convulsions,	2	1	
Decay,	1	0	
Diarrhœa,	4	0	
Dropsy in the brain,	0	1	
Drowned,	1	0	
Fever, typhus,	2	0	
Hives,	0	1	
Insanity,	1	0	
Old age,	1	0	
Rheumatism,	1	0	
Small-pox, natural,	0	1	
Still-born,	0	2	
Suicide,	2	0	
Worms,	0	2	
Sudden,	1	1	

Total, 27 10—37

Of the above there were:

Under 2 years 5

From 2 to 5 4

5 10 1

10 20 0

20 30 2

30 40 7

40 50 6

50 60 3

60 70 2

70 80 1

80 90 2

Ages unknown, 4

Total, 37

Oct. 24.

Diseases.		Ad.	Childr.
Apoplexy,	1	0	
Catarrh,	1	0	
Cholic,	1	0	
Consumption of the lungs,	5	0	
Convulsions,	0	2	
Decay,	1	0	
Diarrhœa,	2	0	
Dropsy in the chest,	1	0	

Dropsy in the brain	0	1
Dysentery,	1	1
Fever,	0	1
—, remittent or bilious,	1	1
—, typhus,	1	0
Hooping-cough,	0	1
Hæmorrhage from lungs,	1	0
Inflammation of the brain,	1	0
— lungs,	1	2
— stomach,	1	0
Old age,	1	0
Sore throat,	1	0
Teething,	0	1
Ulcers,	0	1
Worms,	0	2
Sudden,	1	0
Syphilis,	1	0
Disease unknown,	1	0
Total,	24	13—37

Of the above there were:

Under 2 years	8
From 2 to 5	3
5 10	1
10 20	3
20 30	1
30 40	2
40 50	5
50 60	1
60 70	4
70 80	0
80 90	1
110	1
Ages unknown	7
Total	—37

Oct. 31.

Diseases.	Ad.	Childr.
Apoplexy,	1	0
Atrophy,	0	2
Burns,	1	0
Cholic,	1	0
Consumption of the lungs,	3	1
Compression of the brain,	1	0
Dropsy,	1	0
Dropsy of the chest,	1	0
Fever,	1	1
—, puerperal,	1	0
—, typhus,	1	0
Gangrene,	1	0
Hives,	0	1
Inflammation of the breast,	1	0
Insanity,	2	0
Mortification,	1	0
Palsy,	1	0
Small-pox, natural,	1	0
Still-born,	0	1
Teething,	0	1
Worms,	0	1
Old age,	1	0

Marasmus,	1	0
Unknown,	2	1
Total,	23	9—32

Of the above there were:

Under 2 years	6
From 2 to 5	1
5 10	1
10 15	1
15 20	2
20 30	1
30 40	4
40 50	4
50 60	5
60 70	1
70 80	0
80 90	1
Ages unknown	5
Total,	—32

Report of deaths, in the city of New-York, from the 26th of September to the 3d of October, 1807.

Adults 25—Children 24—Total 49.

Diseases.

Apoplexy,	1
Burn,	1
Bilious cholic,	2
Consumption,	9
Convulsions,	2
Decay,	2
Dropsy,	2
Dropsy in the head,	1
Drowned,	1
Epilepsy,	1
Remittent fever,	1
Typhus fever,	6
Infantile flux,	8
Intemperance,	1
Inflammation of the lungs,	1
Inflammation of the bowels,	3
Old age,	1
Sore throat,	1
Still-born,	1
Sudden death,	1
Worms,	3

From the 3d to the 10th of October.

Adults 27—Children 17—Total 44.

Diseases.

Apoplexy,	1
Consumption,	7
Convulsions,	3
Decay,	3
Dropsy,	4
Drowned,	1
Dysentery,	1
Epilepsy,	1
Putrid fever,	1
Typhus fever,	2



Infantile flux,	3
Hives,	3
Jaundice,	1
Intemperance,	1
Inflammation of the lungs,	1
Insanity,	1
Mortification,	1
Palsy,	1
Rheumatism,	1
Rupture of a blood-vessel,	1
Sore throat,	1
Sprue,	2
Still born,	1
Sudden death,	1
Teething,	1

Cold,	1
Croup,	1
Dropsy,	2
Bilious fever,	1
Nervous fever,	1
Hives,	2
Intemperance,	1
Manslaughter,	1
Mortification,	1
Old age,	2
Spasms,	1
Sprue,	1
Still-born,	1
Sudden death,	1
Teething,	1

From the 10th to the 17th of October.

Adults 25—Children 22—Total 47.

Diseases.	
Abscess,	1
Apoplexy,	1
Casualty*,	1
Childbed,	1
Cholic,	1
Consumption,	6
Convulsions,	4
Decay,	5
Dropsy,	3
Drowned,	3
Dysentery,	1
Hectic fever,	1
Typhus fever,	1
Infantile flux,	2
Fracture,	1
Hives,	3
Inflammation of the stomach,	1
Inflammation of the lungs,	2
Leprosy,	1
Old age,	3
Sprue,	1
Still-born,	2
Sudden death,	1
Worms,	1

\* A boy aged 8 years, who died in consequence of a fall.

From the 17th to the 24th of October.

Adults 24—Children 14—Total 38.

Consumption,	11
Convulsions,	6
Casualties*,	2
Childbed,	1

\* Of the cases of casualty, one was a child, who died in consequence of a fall; the other was a woman, found dead under a porch at No. 53, Oak-Street.

Interments, in the burying grounds of the city and precincts of Baltimore, during the week ending October 5, at sunrise.

Drowned,	1
Worms,	1
Fits,	2
Flux,	3
Unknown,	3
Influenza,	2
Cholera,	5
Still-born,	6
Suicide,	1
Consumption,	3
Dropsy,	1
Bilious,	1
Child-bed,	1
Hooping cough,	1

Adults 13—Children 15—Total 28.

Diseases. Oct. 12.	
Worms,	2
Consumption,	5
Influenza,	1
Unknown,	3
Hooping-cough,	1
Bilious,	1
Flux,	1
Dropsy,	1
Cholera,	3
Infantile,	1

Adults 9—Children 10—Total 19.

Diseases. Oct. 19.	
Sudden,	2
From the country,	1
Worms,	2
Consumption,	5
Bilious,	1
Unknown,	1
Infantile,	1
Influenza,	1

Adults 10—Children 4—Total 14.

<i>Diseases.</i>	<i>Oct. 26.</i>		
Drowned,	1	Worms,	1
Casualty,	2	Fits,	2
Consumption,	2	Pleurisy,	1
Unknown,	5	Lingering,	1
Hooping cough,	1	Infantile,	1
Sudden,	1	Still-born,	2
		Adults 11—Children 9—Total 20.	

## PRICE OF STOCKS.

	<i>Philadelphia, October 31, 1807.</i>
Eight per cent.	102½ per cent.
Six per cent.	98½
Three per cent.	63½
Bank United States	122
— Pennsylvania	132
— North America	145
— Philadelphia	120
— Farmers' and Mechanics'	46½ dollars for 45 paid.
Insurance Company Philadelphia	160 per cent.
— North America	91
— Philadelphia	160
— Union	47 dollars for 60 paid.
— Delaware	47 do. do.
— Phoenix	83 do. 80 paid.
— Marine and Fire	43 do. 60 paid.
— United States	23 do. 30 paid.
Water Loan	102 per cent.
City Loan	103
Schuylkill Bridge Shares	70
Delaware Bridge Shares	uncertain
Lancaster Turnpike Shares	93 per cent.
Germantown Turnpike Shares	75 to 76 per cent.
Cheltenham and Willow Grove Turnpike Shares	80 to 81
Frankford Turnpike Shares	74 to 75
Chesnuthill and Springhouse Tavern Turnpike Shares	uncertain
Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Shares	do.

## COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

Bills on London at 60 days

p.c.